

gay community news

Vol. 4, No. 26

December 25, 1976

The Gay Weekly

35¢

season's greetings from:



photo by Angela Russo

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TRICENTENNIAL JOURNAL P.13 Race?

US Prison Chief Issues Immediate Order

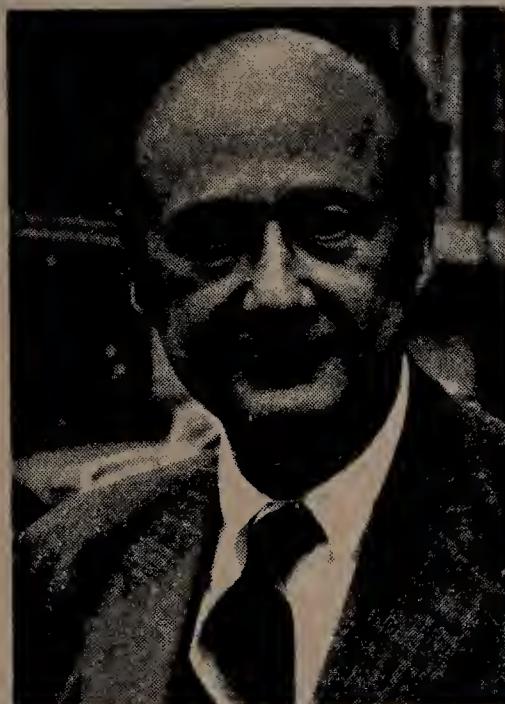
Gay Press Barred From All Federal Prisons

By Neil Miller

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Norman Carlson, director of the United States Bureau of Prisons, has officially banned all gay publications from federal prisons in this country. Carlson's decision, which was announced in a letter to New York Rep. Edward Koch on Dec. 10, is a blanket order and is to be effective immediately. In the past, decisions on publications had been left up to individual wardens — following general guidelines — but the new decision overrules past policy. The Carlson decision will have no effect on state and local prisons.

The Carlson decision came after the Prison Bureau director agreed to review the decision of a Leavenworth Penitentiary warden, denying prisoner Calvin Keach's receipt of gay publications, including GCN and *It's Time*, the publication of the National Gay Task Force. The review came at the request of Rep. Koch. Keach was one of many gay prisoners at several prisons throughout the country who had been denied permission to receive gay publications.

In a letter to Rep. Koch, director Carlson stated, "The reason for this decision focuses exclusively on the fact that homosexuality is a major problem



Rep. Ed Koch of New York, who fought against the prison press ban.

in correctional institutions. As you will recall, the recent investigation into eight murders at Lewisburg [a Pennsylvania prison] revealed that five of them had homosexual overtones. Unfortunately Lewisburg is not atypical of the problems in most institutions.

"We agree with the philosophy of limiting an offender's access to litera-

ture or publications only in cases where there is a clearly overriding institutional interest," Carlson continued. "In this case, we believe that such is the case, as publications advocating or supporting homosexuality exacerbate a major problem. Publications which call attention or identify inmates who accept homosexuality can, in our opinion, be detrimental to their safety as well as to the safety of others. For that reason we have concluded that such publications should be prohibited."

U.S. Bureau of Prisons press secretary Mike Aun told GCN by telephone that Carlson's decision was a matter of "balancing institutional needs vs. individual rights."

"Straight" publications such as *Playboy*, *Hustler*, and the like are not affected by the ban on the gay press and may continue to be received by prisoners.

Fighting Back

Gay organizations reacted swiftly and angrily to Carlson's decision. Ginny Vida, media director of the National Gay Task Force, called the decision "appalling." Vida told GCN that she had already spoken with Lambda Legal Defense about the possibility of going to court to reverse the decision. In the meantime, the American Civil Liberties Union's

Prison Project presently has a class action suit in the making, which includes a section on the rights of gay prisoners to receive the gay press.

In Boston, prison activist and *Fag Rag* writer Freddie Greenfield called Carlson's decision "the best thing that could have happened. Now it's a matter of policy, it's no longer a question of isolated cases here and there. The ACLU will get into it and it will be easier to fight in court."

Carlson Ouster?

But perhaps the best hope for a reversal of policy may come when Jimmy Carter takes the oath of office on Jan. 20. Reliable sources indicate that there is a "good chance" that the President-elect and his attorney general will choose a new prison director, probably a black, to replace Carlson. The director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons has traditionally been a non-partisan career position. One director, James Bennett, served from the Roosevelt through the Johnson administrations. Carlson himself is a Nixon appointee who assumed the post in 1970. However, with revelations of abuse within the FBI and the CIA, the concept of career positions in sensitive areas is going out of favor, and Carlson may find himself a victim of this trend. "It's our real hope," said the NGTF's Ginny Vida.

news commentary

Noble vs. Frank — The Race No One Wants

By David Brill

BOSTON — It was in an editorial, more than two years ago, that GCN predicted with rather striking accuracy the likely outcome of events should Massachusetts voters approve a question on that year's ballot — a constitutional amendment, sponsored by the League of Women Voters, to reduce the size of the Massachusetts House from 240 to 160 members. For every three seats, argued the editorial, there would necessarily be two, and thus the legislature would lose one of three legislators in adjacent districts who have done the most for gay rights at the State House.

That prophecy has come true. Not a newspaper in the state has not caught the bitter irony of the legislative redistricting proposal that places tenta-



Reps. Barney Frank and Elaine Noble — eyeball to eyeball?



Photo by Don C. Hanover III

tively, at least, Boston Reps. Barney Frank and Elaine Noble in the same district. It was Frank who first suggested to Noble, way back in 1973, that she consider running for the new House seat that was about to be created from Ward 5 of his district; she took his suggestion, ran, and won, and they have remained the closest political allies ever since.

The redistricting map being drawn by Rep. George Keverian (D-Everett) has recreated the new district as one that is identical to Frank's original 1972 district — Ward 5 in its entirety. It is in keeping both with Keverian's principles and the district's needs that Ward 5 (which includes Beacon Hill, the Back Bay, Bay Village, and parts of the Fenway and South End) be kept together. Noble would lose half of her district (two precincts at the Boston University campus and one near Harvard Medical School) under the proposed new plan, which will be officially unveiled by Keverian at a public conference on Jan. 6. The new district obviously favors Frank.

The situation is, to say the least, a dilemma for many. For the district's many gay voters, it could mean (if both representatives want to keep their seats) choosing between the nation's first openly gay state legislator, and the state's original champion of gay rights. **Frank's Dilemma**

For the individuals themselves, the situation is hardly more promising. A few weeks ago, Frank, while thinking out loud among friends, suggested that he would consider "bowing out" to let Noble run, making himself a martyr, of sorts, to the gay and women's movements, and the legislature's liberal cause in general. Several of his own friends and advisors admonished

(Continued on page 6)

Gay Professor Murdered in Boston

BOSTON — A 38-year-old gay educator became the victim of a brutal murder at the Mission Hill Housing Project last Saturday, Dec. 11. The nearly nude body of F. Andre Favat of Dana Street, Cambridge, a well-known English professor at Northeastern University, was discovered lying in the rear of 48 Annunciation Road in Roxbury with multiple stab wounds. Police said he had either been pushed or fell from the roof of the seven-story building.

Lt. Det. Jerome McCallum of the Boston Police Homicide Unit told GCN that witnesses said they heard screams and shortly thereafter viewed a body falling through the space adjacent to the building. Based on information provided by the witnesses and additional investigation, police arrested Anthony Blalock, 18, and John Hammonds, 28, and charged

them with the murder. Both men, who are residents of the Mission Hill project, were well-known to Roxbury police, according to McCallum.

Because Favat's clothes, minus valuables, were found nearby, police have listed robbery as the official motive for the murder. McCallum said that there was no evidence to show that Favat had engaged in sexual relations prior to his death.

Police would not disclose how they believe Favat met the two suspects. However, an independent source told GCN that he met them at a local bar, and left voluntarily.

A former president of the Massachusetts Council of Teachers of English, Favat had been associated with Northeastern since 1968. He received his undergraduate education at the State University of New York at

Albany in 1956, and received his master's and doctoral degrees at Harvard.

Details of Favat's private life were described by the *Boston Globe* in unusually explicit detail. The newspaper not only mentioned the victim's homosexuality — something that only rarely turns up in murder stories — but quoted friends as stating he had "a preference for black men."

Several friends of Favat described him as a somewhat closeted individual who had few serious relationships. One man, who claims to have met him via a "Personals" ad in the *Boston Phoenix*, told GCN that he was a brilliant writer who often met friends through newspaper advertisements.

The two suspects were arraigned in Roxbury District Court, and had their cases continued until Dec. 23.

news notes

CANADA'S GAY BAN

OTTAWA, CANADA — Canada's long-awaited immigration legislation to replace the present Immigration Act has been prepared for introduction in Parliament. According to the *Body Politic*, the new act — which has the backing of the Trudeau government — contains no reference to homosexuality.

The present Immigration Act on the books bars entry to Canada to homosexuals, prostitutes, epileptics, and those said to be "living off the avails of homosexuality or prostitution." The act also prohibits entry by those who have committed an illegal act involving "moral turpitude."

Boston gay activist John Kyper has been in the lead of those testing the Canadian Immigration Act. It is not known at this time when the new legislation will be introduced.

BOYCOTT RECORDS

HOLLYWOOD, CA — Two women's organizations have threatened a California-wide boycott of seven Warner record labels unless the record companies — Atco, Atlantic, Asylum, Elektra, Nonesuch, Reprise, and Warner Brothers — stop depicting women as victims of sexual and other violence. The California branch of NOW and the Los Angeles-based Women Against Violence Against Women have branded the Warner group "one of the prime offenders," according to a report in *Variety*.

The two women's groups have presented an ultimatum to the companies demanding an end to "further use of such images," cancellation of offending current advertising and withdrawal from retail sales "of all offending advertising and promotion, including album covers," by Dec. 15.

Julia London of Women Against Violence Against Women told *Variety* that "our emphasis at this point is on the use of abusive sex in sexual relationships as a selling technique. Of course we're not interested in seeing women objectivized in [non-violent] sexual ways for purposes of selling anything, but the immediate protest is to get rid of the violence . . . The images [on album covers] are part of an environment that trivializes brutality against women," she said.

The groups planned to kick off the boycott at a Dec. 10 news conference.

GAY BLASPHEMY

LONDON, ENGLAND — A British anti-pornography campaigner is charging the *Gay News* — the British gay newspaper — under the Blasphemy Act of 1697. The woman, Mary Whitehouse, has persuaded a High Court judge to allow criminal proceedings against the *Gay News* because of a poem that allegedly blasphemes the life of Christ. The poem — a fantasy in which the speaker imagines a series of homosexual acts in which Christ is accused — was written by James Kirkup. Kirkup has been published by *Fag Rag* and *Gay Sunshine* and is presently a poet in residence at Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts.

It is the first such case in 54 years in England. The crime carries a possible maximum life sentence.

NO MONEY, NO MARRIAGE

WASHINGTON, D.C. — A threat of a financial cutoff of funds from the Episcopal Diocese of Washington to a local parish has ended the wedding plans of two gay men here. The planned Nov. 20 nuptials of Wayne Schwant and John Fortunato had been announced as a "holy union" in a parish newsletter but were called off six days before the wedding date.

The bishop co-adjutor of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, Rt. Rev. John T. Walker, had attempted to persuade the church rector, Rev. William Wendt, to cancel the ceremony but Wendt had refused. The two men quarreled over an interpretation of the Episcopal Church's Sept. 1976 resolution stating that homosexuals are entitled to "the love, acceptance, and pastoral concern and care of the church."

However, when the diocese threatened to cut off \$7,000 in funds, Rector Wendt backed down and cancelled the marriage ceremony.

RADICAL WOMEN

SEATTLE, WA — The 1976 Radical Women Conference held Oct. 9 and 10 at the University of Washington in Seattle emphasized coalitions between the feminist, minority, labor, and gay movements. More than 130 women attended, according to conference spokesperson Constance Scott. One presentation, called "Gays and the Class Struggle," given by lesbian activist Laurie Morton, emphasized the class differences between gay organizations.

Morton seconded the draft report of the conference which stated, "Radical Women's unwavering support for the gay issue has demonstrated that socialism and gay liberation, class struggle politics and feminist humanism are not contradictory, but rather they are mutually supportive and interconnected strands of all humanity's struggle for freedom and justice."

Anyone interested in the work of Radical Women should call Constance Scott, 3815 5th Ave. NE, Seattle, Washington 98105.

JEWISH GROUP FORMING

BOSTON — A serious attempt is being made in Boston to form a gay Jewish religious group. An organizational meeting of the projected organization — to be called Beth Haskalah — will be held Thursday, Jan. 6, 1977. The meeting will be held at Boston University's Hillel House, 233 Bay State Road, Boston.



Wax-palm (*Ceroxylon andicola*).

MALE RAPE STUDY

SAN FRANCISCO, CA — Male Rape Studies, a San Francisco project, is interested in interviewing male rape victims. The project's ultimate goals are to educate both gays and "straights" as to what male rape is, how it happens, what it means to both the victim and the rapist, and to create means both to combat and to overcome its effects.

If you have been a victim of male rape, the project needs your help.

Please write to: MARS, 537 Jones Street #400, San Francisco, California 94102. Male Rape Studies will send a numbered questionnaire on which the recipient's name never appears.

DAVIS' VICE \$ DENIED

LOS ANGELES, CA — The Los Angeles city police commissioners voted on Dec. 2 to reject Police Chief Ed. Davis' request for increases in vice operations expenditures in the 1977-78 budget. The five-person civilian review board unanimously rejected Davis' request for 17 vice enforcement positions, an administrative vice position, as well as 16 new automobiles requested for undercover work.

Nine days before the report was issued, a large group of gay taxpayers urged a public hearing on the additional vice money to reject Davis' request.

Davis has been under heavy criticism from the Los Angeles gay community both for last spring's "Slave Auction" raid at a gay night-spot and for a recent report on child molestation in Los Angeles. Many gay activists charged that the recent child molestation report was an attempt by Davis to aid him in his requests for more vice enforcement monies.

BATHS STAFF FINED

OTTAWA, CANADA — The former manager of the Club Baths, Ottawa, has been fined \$500 for keeping a common bawdy house, the *Body Politic* reports. He pleaded guilty. Three other men pleaded guilty and were fined \$100 each for being "inmates" (workers) in a bawdy house. The arrests in the cases were made last May in a series of raids throughout Canada, coinciding with the Olympic clean-up campaign. Two men charged with gross indecency had already pleaded guilty in the case, and because of their pleas, the lawyer for the bath employees found it inadvisable to fight the case. Gay activists had hoped to make a test case of the arrests to draw attention to the bawdy house law.

DOB—NEW HAMPSHIRE

NORTHWOOD, NH — The New Hampshire chapter of the Daughters of Bilitis has decided to hold all future meetings on the first Saturday of every month. The organization plans to open lines of communication with other local groups in the state, by exchanging bulletins and the like. The organization also hopes to hold a spring workshop.

All women are welcome to the January meeting, which will take place New Year's Day, in the evening. For information write to Women's Group, Box 137, Northwood, New Hampshire 03261.

FRENCH COMMUNISTS

PARIS — The Central Committee of the French Communist Party will soon hold an internal workshop on homosexuality. The workshop will be chaired by Central Committee member Pierre Juquin and feature psychoanalyst Dr. B. Mulwurf. Other participants in the workshop will include gay members of the party, but no gay activists outside the CP have been invited to participate. The CP Central Committee has not ruled out their participation, however.

The Association pour la liberte des pederastes et des homosexuels reports that this workshop represents an important change in the CP attitudes towards gays. In the past the French CP has seen gayness as a bourgeois perversion. The party's new evaluation should be made public before the end of the year.

NO MORE BOSSSES

CAMBRIDGE, MA — "No Bosses Here: A Manual on Working Collectively" is the latest publication of Cambridge's Vocations for Social Change. The manual — the product of VSC's six years experience as a collective — blends a theory of how and why workers can and should control their own workplace with a step-by-step guide for making a collective work group a reality.

Illustrated with cartoons and photos of collectives at work, "No Bosses Here" is available for \$3 from Vocations for Social Change, 353 Broadway, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

ENGLISH PROFS SUPPORT

CHICAGO, IL — The National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE) narrowly passed a resolution on discrimination against lesbians and gay men at the organization's business meeting in Chicago on Nov. 27. The resolution — offered from the floor by Louie Crew, gay activist who teaches at Fort Valley State College in Georgia — passed by a close vote of 102-96.

The resolution reads:

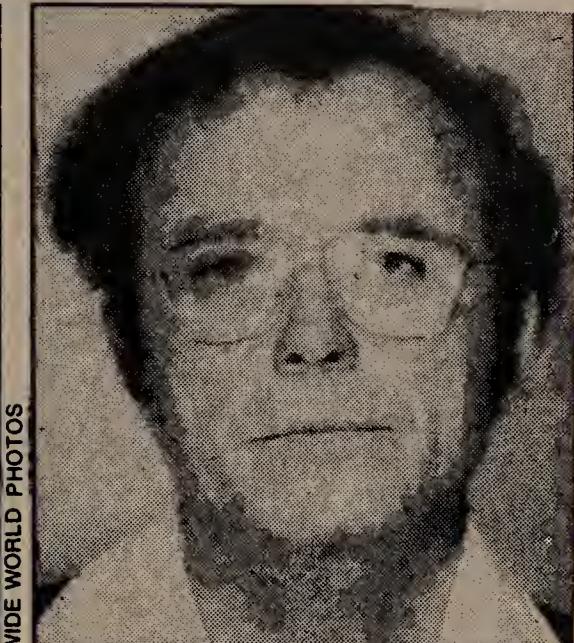
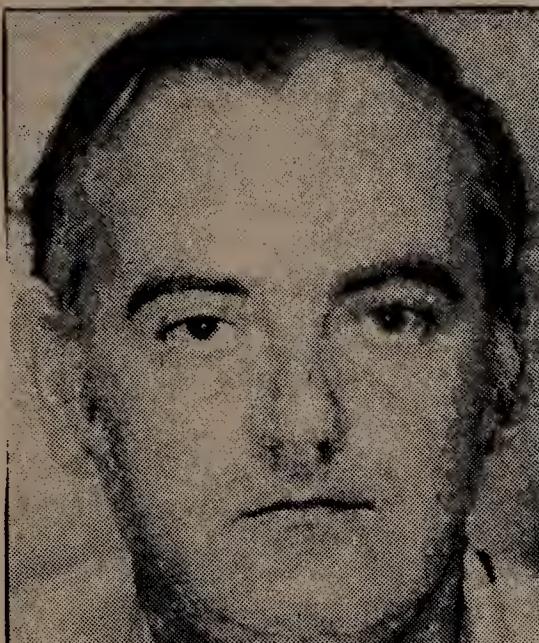
"Whereas lesbians and gay men are now and have always been present in society and members of our profession, both as students and teachers, we the members of the National Council of Teachers of English urge the immediate end of all discrimination against them wherever it may exist, specifically in the hiring and firing practices of our profession, in the textbooks of our discipline, and in our own classroom practices and exchanges with students. We further urge that NCTE establish an appropriate group charged with both investigating problems faced by lesbian and gay male colleagues and students in the discipline of English and the formulating of recommendations to the Council concerning their welfare in the profession."

Two Men Acquitted in Bronfman 'Kidnapping'

WHITE PLAINS, NY — A White Plains jury has acquitted Mel Patrick Lynch and Dominic Byrne of charges of kidnapping whiskey heir Samuel Bronfman in August 1975. The jury did, however, convict the two men of grand larceny for extortion of a \$2.3 million ransom from Edgar Bronfman, father of the young Bronfman and chairperson of the board of the Seagram Company.

After the verdict was announced, two jurors told the press that they believed the defense contention in the case that young Bronfman had "masterminded" his own "phony abduction." The jurors speculated that Bronfman had organized the entire affair for "personal reasons." However, according to a report in the *New York Times*, the jurors refused to say whether they believed the defense contention that defendant Lynch had had a homosexual relationship with Bronfman before the "kidnapping." The defense had attempted to prove that Bronfman forced Lynch into the scheme by threatening to expose the latter's gayness to the Fire Department, where Lynch worked. (The New York Fire Department has been in the forefront of opposition to gay civil rights bills in the New York City Council.)

During the course of the trial, Bronfman had denied that he had ever had sexual relations with Lynch or had known him before the alleged abduction. "It's a pretty sad system when a guy gets kidnapped, the kidnappers are caught red-handed and they get off," Bronfman said at a news conference after the verdict was announced. "The best thing you can do is laugh about it and put it behind you and go on. But I hope this doesn't stop other people who are victims of violent crime from taking the witness stand and helping prosecutors."



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Samuel Bronfman (center) alleged kidnap victim and heir to the Seagram's Whiskey fortune. At right is Dominic Byrne who, along with Mel Patrick Lynch (left), was acquitted of kidnapping the young man in a case in which accusations of homosexuality played a large part.

One juror, Steven Nahmias, told the *Times* that "The point is that the defense did not have enough evidence to show there was homosexuality, and the prosecution did not have enough evidence to show that there was a kidnapping." He asserted, "That does not mean there was no kidnapping, and that does not mean there was no homosexuality."

When asked, in view of the verdict and the jurors' statements, if he intended to bring perjury or other charges against Bronfman, Carl A. Vergari, the Westchester County District Attorney, stated, "Absolutely not."

Justice George Beisheim of the State Supreme Court will sentence Lynch and Byrne on the charges of extortion in January. The convictions carry a maximum penalty of fifteen years in prison. Walter H. Higgins, lawyer for Lynch, announced that he would

appeal the grand larceny conviction of his client, claiming that Bronfman forced Lynch into the crime. Byrne's lawyer was unsure whether to appeal.

In his column in the *Village Voice*, "Bell Tells," columnist Arthur Bell wrote, "Samuel Bronfman, Samuel Bronfman was all you heard around New York town last weekend. Andrew Megone, a cabdriver, claimed that his passengers, without exception, were delighted that Lynch and Byrne were acquitted of the kidnapping charge. Craig Rodwell said that all the customers at his Oscar Wilde bookshop applauded with the not-guilty-of-kidnapping decision came over the radio. At Julius's, where Byrne and company were alleged to have been seen at various times, a man and woman at the bar shrugged it off, claiming that they didn't believe Bronfman's story from the start. And at Uncle Charlie's South, where Byrne

was known as a steady customer, the Harvey Wallbanger crowd was doing cartwheels. Popular opinion has never been so unanimous: The man on the street has a hard-on for Bronfman. Lynch and Byrne, with their funny symbolic names, are this week's folk heroes."

Bell noted that Bronfman "came off as a dud" on the witness stand. Bell also wrote that "homosexuality came out pretty well though Bronfman himself didn't. Because Lynch was a fireman, his gayness left him open to ridicule, job loss, and threats of black mail, but when it came down to the nitty-gritty, the men at his former firehouse supported him and believe his testimony. According to a *New York Post* story, the company members visited Lynch in jail and actively raised money for him. It's a corny thing, putting human values above what a person does in bed, but decent people do."

Supreme Court Protest Planned for Spring

By Alan Bowne

NEW YORK — "Defy the Supreme Court!" — "Anniversary of Homophobia!" — "Celebrate Gay Love!"

Such were a few of the slogans put forth here Dec. 6 by a group of gay activists when they formed the May 21 Gay Action Coalition. A day of demonstrations in Washington, D.C., is being planned, say Coalition members, "to commemorate with protest the landmark homophobic decision of the U.S. Supreme Court that upheld Virginia's sodomy laws," a judgment handed down last spring. Celebrations of lesbian love and gay male love are also to take place.

The May 21 Gay Action Coalition is made up, at this early stage, of veteran activists from Lesbians Rising and the Gay Men's Alliance at Hunter College, from GAA New Jersey, and from other local groups. Outreach response thus far has included favorable reactions from Washington groups and gay lobbyist Frank Kameny, and appeals are soon to be extended nationally to all interested gay organizations by way of massive mailings.

According to Coalition spokespersons, the demonstrations, beginning at 1 p.m., May 21, 1977, will feature mass picketing before the Supreme Court "in order publicly to indict the country's highest court for usurpation of gay rights and liberties." A Coalition indictment charging judicial homophobia and conspiracy to deprive gay people of their rights will be

presented to the court.

After the picketing, the group will move to an as yet unspecified nearby park site, where there will be celebration of lesbian and gay male love replete with music, food, street theatre and information booths.

Earlier plans for an additional march on the White House were abandoned in favor of concentrating on the court. However, the possibilities for small cadre agitation during the days preceding the Saturday action are still being discussed.

"Of course we don't expect our charges to be acknowledged by the court," asserted Coalition activist Harvey Jackson. "The action is symbolic and militant and is directed not only at the institutions which oppress us but at the millions of our brothers and sisters still in the closet because of fear. We will be in the capital as an act of defiance, to show legislators and politicians who are indifferent or hostile to gay rights that we will not go away, not be bought off, not be ashamed, afraid or quiet. By our presence we affirm our human dignity as gay people."

A bus from New York to Washington will be provided for local activists and out-of-towners, and the New York area Coalition members will be leafleting heavily into the spring.

The May 21 Gay Action Coalition may be reached c/o GAA New Jersey, P.O. Box 1734, Hackensack, NJ 07606, telephone (201) 343-6402. In Washington, contact Washington Mattachine at (202) 363-3881.



editorial

Prison Protection or Persecution?

The decision last week of Norman Carlson, director of the United States Bureau of Prisons, to bar gay publications in federal penitentiaries from receiving gay publications is outrageous and deplorable. One of the most sacrosanct articles of the United States Constitution — the First Amendment — has been found by a high and powerful official to be inapplicable to homosexual prisoners.

What is most disturbing about the whole business is that, according to Director Carlson, it is all for our own good. The purpose of the directive, says Carlson, is to protect gay prisoners from being raped because they might be singled out for attack by leaving a copy of *GCN* or *The Advocate* or *Lesbian Tide* lying around. Thank you, Mr. Carlson, but surely there must be other ways of protecting prisoners from assault other than denying their right to read — one of the few privileges left to most inmates. "Straight" prisoners are not prevented from receiving *Playboy*, *Hustler*, and similar publications. Certainly these quasi-pornographic journals are more apt to create an atmosphere that would lead to rape than *GCN* or the National Gay Task Force publication, *It's Time*. Carlson's arguments are all too reminiscent of the rationales that are used to arrest gay men who are "cruising" a rest area or a park — we're only protecting you from being attacked, say the police in those circumstances.

In the end, Norman Carlson's decision will probably be the best thing that could have happened to gay prisoners. In the last few months, as reported in *GCN*, different prisoners in different institutions have been prevented from receiving gay publications. But, because enforcement of this policy has been so selective, it has been difficult to fight the censorship. Now that Carlson's decision to make a ban on the gay press is a matter of national prison policy, organizations like the American Civil Liberties Union will now get involved, and it will be easier to overturn this policy in the courts.

In addition, chances are relatively good that Jimmy Carter will replace Carlson, once Carter officially takes over the reins of government. A letter-writing campaign at this point — emphasizing to the President-elect and his Attorney General the need for a US prison director who is sensitive to the needs of gays and other minorities — might be an effective tactic.

Regardless of the outcome of the matter, the fact that the US Prison Director can deny gay prisoners their most basic constitutional protections with one sweep of the pen emphasizes their extreme vulnerability. There are limits to the destruction of people's dignity, spirit, and fundamental liberties, and Norman Carlson passed that limit last week. It is now up to us on the outside to make sure that Carlson's outrageous decision does not stick.

community voice

post on hoover

To the Editor:

Your article, "Hoover's Files on Gays in High Places Revealed" (Dec. 4) asserts that the *Washington Post* "chose to ignore the release of the Hoover secret documents." This is completely wrong. The *Post* gave this story front-page treatment on Nov. 24. What's more, reporter John Goshko stressed the fact that, in his words, "a preoccupation with homosexuality runs through the files like a connecting thread."

The appearance of this article prompted a letter to the editor of the *Post* by Jim Zais, President of the Gay Activists Alliance of Washington. Jim's letter was printed in the Dec. 11 *Post*. I have enclosed a copy in case you want to reprint it in your paper.

Best wishes.

Craig Howell

(Ed.'s note: He's right. *GCN* corrected its misstatement in the following issue.)

men's center

age bar

To the Editor:

The Gay Men's Center of Greater Boston has been in operation for well over one year now, providing what was originally intended to be a non-alcoholic meeting place for gay men of all ages, races, and classes. That was the premise of its founders, most of whom have since gone on to other things in the belief that the Center's affairs had been entrusted to a second generation of administrators qualified by experience and disposition to manage things just well enough without becoming intrusive or dictatorial.

As a former staff member and one of the original founding members who up until Nov. 20 took an active interest in the Center's activities, it is up to me to alert concerned members of the gay community about a very startling, and to my mind pernicious, development. The governing committee of the Center, which goes by the name of the Round Table, in an action as unpublicized as it was arbitrary and capricious, voted two weeks ago to bar all those under age eighteen from the Center as being "under age." Ostensibly this was done at the urging of the Rev. Randy

Gibson, who up until last week was the co-director of Project Lambda, the federally-funded program for Boston's gay youth. Project Lambda has closed due to lack of interest and funding, but the gay and bisexual teenagers it was supposed to help are still out there with no place to go that caters to people of all ages, as the Gay Men's Center was originally supposed to do.

The final straw came on Nov. 20 when there was a widely publicized disco dance at the Center. At that time, myself, a friend (both of us in our mid-20s) and a mutual friend from Project Lambda whom we had originally met at the Center two months ago came to the dance. My friend was carded and admitted only after proof of his age was established. The youth from Lambda, who is 15 but often passes for 18, was not only asked to leave but physically challenged by four grown men who were self-appointed guardians of the Center's new age barrier. This incident was witnessed by at least a dozen people, none of whom had the intestinal fortitude to raise a protest. None, that is, except my friend and I who took strong exception to this outrage. We decided to leave with our younger friend in order to help him cope with the feelings of rejection caused by the insensitive handling of the people at the Center.

Please understand that the boy in question had been a regular attendee at the Center for the past three months, sometimes coming by himself and sometimes with another young friend. It had taken him two months of phone calls and letter writing, most of which ended up being responded to by the present writer, to work up the courage to walk into the Center. Once there, he had found feelings of common cause in several men, as had his friend. For the first time he found acceptance and caring in a non-predatory atmosphere. To be rejected and physically threatened by some of the very people he had seen over the past two months and considered friends was very traumatic, showing the current leadership of the Center for what they are: insensitive power trippers unable to find a niche anywhere else, and jealous of anyone who establishes a relationship of trust with a young person while being unable to do so themselves.

I ask you: What is the point of such a sudden policy switch? Where is the wisdom in declaring 18 to be the "age of wisdom" and all others under that to go hang? This is discrimination of the worst sort foisted on an as yet unaware community by self-serving ego trippers who are undoing, strand by strand, the social fabric that

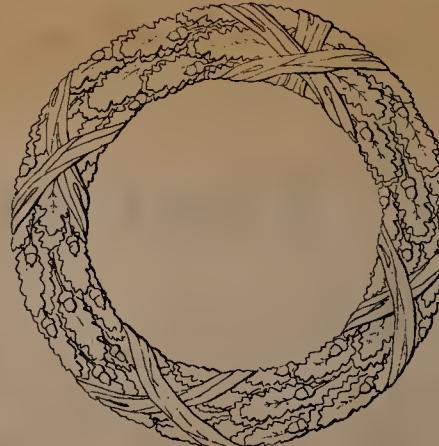
originally bound the Center together. I urge concerned persons to call the Center expressing their opposition, or better yet, to go there in person and confront the members of the Round Table responsible for this outrageous and counterproductive policy. Once again, as if all of us didn't have enough problems, we find gay men discriminating against other gay men in a more oppressive way than most straights ever would, this time on the basis of age.

My resignation from the staff and membership of the Center is one way of showing how I feel. How about you?

The Center's phone is 338-7967, and its address is 36 Bromfield St.

In anger,

Kent Barclay
Jimmi Doucette
Scott Goodwin
Bob Nunziato
and eight others



too much tequila

Dear Editor:

This is to answer the unfounded threats of Tequila Sunrise, the women's band.

My partner and I ran an agency for women musicians and bands for some three months last year. We represented several New England and New York groups. We approached TS asking if we could represent them as agents (we were never managers!). As proof that they agreed, they gave us pictures and promotional material about the group, and we proceeded to try and find them jobs. We found them several. The first one they

could not take as they had already booked that date, so we gave that gig to another group. The second one to come up was the dance in Provincetown for the women's center. Tequila Sunrise agreed, in front of several witnesses, to do the dance and they were telephoned several times before the date. They were asked how many people we needed to find accommodations for; they told us 5 and we found them space. Then we sent them confirmation of the date and directions to the dance. They never asked for a contract or a deposit. They also knew that they were advertised in the local press as the group to play and contacted no one to say that they would not do it.

We called many times after the no-show, but our calls were never returned. So we cancelled the other jobs. A woman who spoke English poorly always answered the phone, but she said that she gave them our messages. It was only when they learned that the letter in *GCN* may cost them New England jobs that they bothered to answer, and then they wrote a letter to the editor, but did not contact us.

We are sure that their New York lawyer had a field day with it. After all, there was no written contract and who can prove a telephone call! Forgive us Boston hicks, but in the three months that we acted as agents, we placed three solo performers and one band in approximately 15 jobs. All performers were paid on the spot the exact amount that was agreed upon, and all performers paid us our commission to show that they considered that the job had come through us. In all that time we used no contracts with either performers or their employers. There were other bands who would have loved to have played that dance and to have free space for a weekend in P'Town. If TS had told us up to 24 hours before show time that they could not make it, we could have replaced them.

In any case, we considered ourselves responsible and personally paid the rent for the women's center for the entire summer (\$200). That effectively wiped out our treasury; the rest came out of pockets. We were hardly a rich business. In fact, we hitchhiked to clubs to find people jobs. Needless to say, as much as a women's agency is needed, we had then to go out of business.

Tequila Sunrise is threatening to sue, they say. We say go ahead. We didn't have much money then and we have \$200 less now.

Lyn Rosen & Nancy Ryan
Synergy Agency

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wilde inaccuracies

Dear GCN,

A pleasure to make the centerfold of GCN (#25, 12/18/76), but we must have gotten our signals crossed in a few places. Nothing major, you see, just some info for the record. To clear up a few misunderstandings: Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, not bookstore, is our name, given correctly in the introduction, but not in the title stretched across the two pages. The description of Craig in the intro falsely conjures up the image of someone skulking around in a black cape and a Lone Ranger mask. Craig has informed me that he opened the shop alone: the lover came later. My name, by the way, is Bruce Gelbert, not Gel. The man who jumped out of the window the night the Snakepit was raided was Diego Vinales not Fernandez. I mentioned Rita Mae Brown, Janis Ian and Tony Perkins as "celebrities" who have been to the shop (now add Allen Ginsberg to the list), differentiating them from Tennessee Williams, Christopher Isherwood, Patricia Nell Warren and Richard Amory who have done "meet the author" days.

On the whole though, it was a good article and I thank you for it.

Sincerely,
Bruce Michael Gelbert
Assistant Manager
Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop

fairy tales of mythical lesbians

Dear GCN:

This is in response to the editor's comments regarding my letter about "mixed" clubs and bars as opposed to gay bars ("Letters," GCN, Dec. 4, 1976).

Spartacus Guide uses two designations for "mixed." One, "GLM," means gay and lesbian mixed. The other, "M," means gay and non-gay mixed. I used the term "mixed" to mean either GLM or M as compared to clubs which are truly gay, i.e., only for men or only for women.

As for the comment of whether I am aware of the existence of lesbians, the answer is clearly *No*. From all surveys the number of gay men outnumber lesbians by at least 7 to 1, and what is classified as gayness in women is in my observation nothing more than a strong dislike for the opposite sex and/or a reaction against men, and/or similar to the case of the writer Jill Johnston (*Village Voice*) who claimed her

"homosexuality" was a political stance. Homosexuality to me is a beautiful thing and clearly something more than a reaction against something or a political position.

This is not to say that women cannot be transvestites as with the author of the *Well of Loneliness* but homosexuality is not the same thing as transvestism no more than it is the same thing as lesbianism.

As for the Ed.'s comment that the Randolph CC "is most certainly a gay club," it is taken that this means it is mixed in only one sense, i.e., GLM as opposed to M.

I would of course never go; because although Randolph CC may be gay it is not gay enough.

Cordially,
Walter J. Phillips

other vulnerabilities

Dear GCN:

In "Speaking Out" (Dec. 4) Jack Peterson deplores the fact that "politically active gays . . . align themselves with the radical Left." He further warns that the gay movement "must never be aligned with . . . forms of social resentments, racial or sexual or class." Is Peterson unaware that many of us are, in fact, non-white, female, or that many of us are, in fact, non-white, female or poor and as such, vulnerable to oppression for these things in addition to our gayness?

Sincerely,
Gail Mautner

'me' not 'men'

Dear Folks:

In my article on the Socialist Workers Party a couple of weeks ago there appeared a typo that unfortunately changed the meaning of an entire sentence and opened me up to all sorts of charges of sexism. In the last column near the top, instead of saying that the publishing of certain private documents violates a journalistic sense in "men" I had intended to say that it violates a journalistic sense in "me." It's amazing what one "n" can do. Thank you for printing this correction.

Sincerely,
Ken Withers



integrity and women's ordination

Dear GCN:

I wish to clarify an error that you published, probably unwittingly, about Integrity's "split" over women. Joe McCauley did resign from Integrity/Boston, but he agreed to remain as the chairperson of the National Constitution Committee and continues in that position with the endorsement of the national officers. *Forum* erred in its statement on that matter.

Integrity/Boston was the only chapter of the national group of some 40 chapters that had serious problems with women's ordination. We lost about a dozen people over the issue, but weathered it effectively by discussing feelings which ended in an established mutual respect for the matters of conscience that everyone held — on one side or the other. Integrity/Boston continues as a strong group and still growing.

Integrity never took an official position on women's ordination for many complex reasons. We were a young group and we had our own gay-oriented resolutions proposed and passed in Minneapolis at convention. We had members

strongly for and others strongly opposed to women's ordination, as well as many who were unsure, and there was really not enough time to thoroughly discuss the issues involved and come to a mutually agreeable consensus, without risking a more serious split in our group and conceivably endangering our own unity at a time when substantial progress was being made on gay issues within the Church.

It is eminently worthy of note that many of Integrity's representatives at general convention, notably Richard York of Boston and Integrity's national President, Fr. Ron Wesner of Philadelphia, were personally strongly supportive of women's ordination and worked on their own to aid its passage. Ron Wesner recently shared with me a letter from the Women's Caucus of the Episcopal Church in which they expressed their thanks for the personal support of many individuals from Integrity on the issue. They also offered their support for resolutions important to us which may be even more prominent at the 1979 convention than they were this year.

Minneapolis was a hotbed of political activity centered around three potentially divisive issues that made caution and sensitivity bywords for all who were involved, and it all ended better than many thought it would.

While the issue may be sexism on the part of some, I don't believe that is the case with everyone who opposes women's ordination. There are doctrinal and theological issues that must be grappled with and thought out by these individuals, even though many who support women's ordination see no such obstacles. It is a case of dealing with what is *perceived* to be real as well as with what is actually real, and perceptions are often more profound in their effect on behavior than the concrete reality. I hope that we can eliminate sexism and all the "isms" not through a shouting match that wrecks havoc and division and dismisses those who disagree or have difficulty with these issues, as inconsequential, but rather by helping them through to a new perspective which will inevitably involve a long sensitive and thoughtful process of education and rational discussion of our differences. I believe that in the long run such a process will leave us much farther ahead than the bitter and caustic disputes in which we are sometimes prone to engage.

I think with such an issue as this we must never forget that on both sides there are real people with real feelings.

Sincerely,
John C. Lawrence,
Vice-President
Integrity/National



Redistricting Plan May Pit Noble vs Frank

(Continued from page 1)

him suggesting indirectly that Noble was not the one to lead the House liberals. To them, for Frank to leave the legislature would, in effect, be harming the philosophy he so ably represents. One of those advisors was reportedly Ann Lewis, Frank's sister — a former member of Mayor White's staff whom Noble often refers to as "my mentor."

As of last week, Frank was still quite undecided. He wants to stay in the legislature, but is unenthusiastic about running against Noble. "I don't know what I'm going to do for a couple of months yet," he said in a GCN interview. As the mentor of many an elected official himself (two congresspeople and a constitutional officer), as well as someone who has access to a slew of equally potent, untapped sources, Frank would have no trouble finding a job at any level of government should he choose to bow out. However, since he is graduating from Harvard Law School in six months, it's a safe bet that he would consider the office of Massachusetts attorney general should it become vacant. The real apple of Frank's eye, though, is Tip O'Neil's 8th Congressional District seat, which is not expected to open up for at least six years.

Noble: "No Options"

Noble asserts that she has no choice

but to run for re-election, whether Frank is running or not. "I have no options," she explained. Noble feels that the House is the only place for her, even though her background and training (two master's degrees) should make her attractive in the world of education, which she describes as "incredibly conservative."

Noble says Frank promised her that he would not run against her in the event the proposed plan is unable to be modified. "He gave me his word," she said. Additionally, Noble feels that certain issues — notably the ERA, and gay and women's rights — would be better represented by her. "If it doesn't touch your own life, it's not going to be a priority. Besides, I like what I'm doing," she added.

"Running Against My Brother"

A Noble-Frank contest? That certainly would be one of the most interesting House races in Massachusetts history. "It would be like running against my brother," says Noble. Although that assertion can't be proven, such a contest would surely be the most expensive contest for state representative ever. (In 1972, the year of Frank's first and last major campaign, he raised nearly \$15,000; Noble amassed over \$18,000 this year — all for a job that doesn't even pay \$13,000!)

What would be the issues in such a

race? Probably issues more of style than of ideology, given the two legislators' nearly identical voting records. They would be evenly matched in terms of resources — Frank with his bevy of influential associations and Noble with her national following. Noble would be "Ms. Fix-it," best remembered for litter baskets and street lights, while Frank would be the legislative giant, architect of major changes in taxes, transportation, and social policy. In fact, since the two representatives would tend to attract the same type of supporters, it is not unlikely that they would split their natural constituencies should a third person run against them in the Democratic primary. (A good example of this occurred in the Suffolk County primary in September, when a political unknown was elected Clerk of Civil Business as two entrenched veterans clobbered each other.)

Salvageable Solutions?

But that is pure speculation, says the ever-optimistic Noble. She says that she has been meeting with Keverian and House Speaker Thomas McGee almost daily to work out a better solution in the map-making process. But she is making it none too easy by similarly insisting that Rep. Mel King's adjacent South End seat also be kept "safe." (King shares his office and his philosophy with Noble.)

Frank is more pragmatic. "Look,

somehow nine Boston seats have to go; everyone's going to feel it," he says. Certainly, while the liberals aren't going to be the only losers in the redistricting (Ray Flynn is proposed to run against Mike Flaherty in South Boston), their representation will be more greatly hurt, since they are already relatively unrepresented in the House leadership. There will be fewer Blacks, fewer women, and smaller delegations from the larger cities. In Boston, several of the planned contests — such as those in East Boston, South Boston, and Hyde Park — are going to be simple showdowns between the forces of Mayor White and his opponents.

But there is time left yet, Noble notes. "By the time the final plan is unveiled, I'm confident I will have convinced them [Keverian and company] that they need both of us in the House."

So these are tough times for George Keverian. They say he's losing weight, and may be losing his humor (although there's plenty of each to go around for the time being). By the time his Cartography, Self-Taught course is over, he surely will have lost some friends, too. A brilliant man who likes both Noble and Frank, Keverian knows better than anyone else the consequences of his moves. And he knows that the gay people of Boston are watching.

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Brian McNaught Talks Church Issues

By Philip Gambone

BOSTON — Speaking before a group of 15 at last Tuesday's Gay Forum at the Men's Center, Brian McNaught, Social Action Chairperson of Dignity, stressed that 'coming out' can be the way a gay Christian interprets the gospel message of self-giving love.

"The Christian is called to sacrifice and suffer. For the gay Christian that may mean 'coming out' in order to help those who cannot. By 'coming out' you are saying to others that you empathize with their pain and suffering," the former writer for *The Michigan Catholic* said.

McNaught lost his popular column with the Detroit Catholic newspaper when he published an article which took the Church to task for its traditional position on homosexuality and its role in defeating New York's Intro 554.

In his talk at the Men's Center, McNaught underscored the double bind in which many gay Catholics often find themselves. The gay Catholic, he suggested, is often unable to disregard those very structures of moral and theological authority which are at the root of his or her oppression.

"The Church has trained people not to think for themselves. There are too many gay Christians out there who are afraid to tap the available sources of support because those resources have not been officially countenanced by the Church." As an example he mentioned people who had quit Dignity after the Pope's recent pronouncement against homosexuality.

"Let's face it, the Pope is not going to say that gay is good. What we Catholics would like is some sensitivity on the part of the clergy. To make this happen you've got to get the clergy



Brian McNaught

interested enough in the gay issue so that they'll begin to educate themselves. Which is why some people in the Church have to come out — to force the clergy to face the facts."

McNaught told the group that there were encouraging signs within the Church. "In the past the bishops never disagreed with each other. They moved together like members of a country club. But now certain bishops are acting on their consciences and criticizing the Church for its silent and oppressive attitude towards gays."

In large measure, McNaught emphasized, these bishops have been enabled to see that gay can be good because of the public 'coming-out' of a few gay Catholics. "At first it is painful for everyone, but gradually the people who 'come out' help the homophobe to see gays as really the same likeable people he [the homophobe] thought they were before they came out."

He pointed out that the recent "Call to Action" Conference in Detroit at which lay Catholics took an overwhelming stand in support of gay people was a large step forward. "Here was the top echelon of middle-management Catholics saying, yes, we too must be with people in their suffering."

McNaught cautioned that once gays become more and more accepted in the Church they must guard against indulging in their own forms of oppression in which they ignore the older or less attractive gay. "This is especially true of some gay men who often end up exercising a kind of 'cock privilege' over women. We must grow up and share our maturity with others."

He acknowledged that not everyone is called to 'come out.' "I don't insist that every gay person 'come out.' People have to do what they can, where they can."

After his talk, McNaught fielded questions. To one man who asked his opinion of a united gay Christian front, he responded, "Sure it would be good to have such unity, but we must also remember that one's expression of faith is partially culturally conditioned, and it's important to stay true to that as well. When Catholics get together

they like to reminisce about rosaries and nuns. There's humor and solidarity in that. But I wouldn't expect Baptists to relate to it. I would say that anyone who is comfortably relating to his or her religious persuasion is doing well. That's where the cooperative effort comes in."

Another asked if the Church's ethical teachings were relevant to gay people. McNaught said that theology must grow out of human experience. "The Church is recognizing that gay people have important contributions to make toward reformulating its ethical teachings. But finally, each person must come to grips with his or her own theology based on the teachings of Jesus."

In addition to his work with Dignity, McNaught, who now resides in Boston, is currently consultant to the "Young Adult Ministry" in Washington, D.C. He also helps put out Detroit's *Metro Gay News*.



David Strong, a member of Boston's gay community, was slain in his apartment at 28A Clarendon Street in the city's South End. His body was found on Nov. 22. The murder is still unsolved as the Boston Police Department continues its investigation. Anyone who knew Strong and/or can shed light on the murder is strongly urged to call Rep. Elaine Noble's office at 727-2584.



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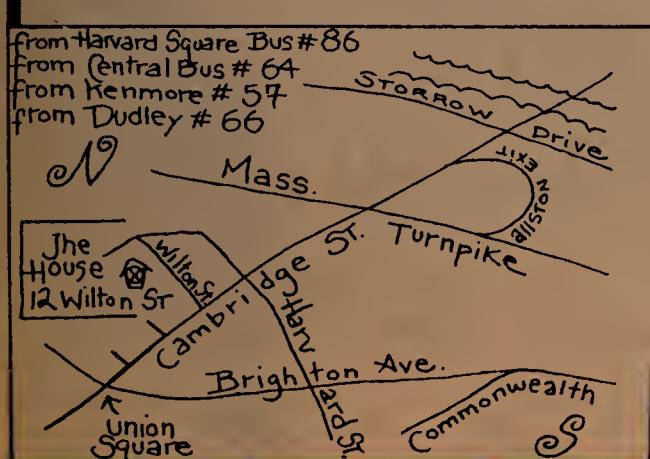
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"First notice of Mather High's 10th reunion hit with a shock. I'd cut those years from my mind with an, 'Oh, yes; I hated high school, too,' and had not allowed myself to remember any of it. Suddenly a fat envelope postmarked West Rogers Park arrived at my New York apartment. My past had caught me. Memories snapped back into focus, etched with fear . . .

Mather was a state of mind, basic training for life. Boys competed for awards and girls competed for boys. We settled readily into an unspoken hierarchy based on clothes, complexion, and weight. Winners and losers were recognizable at a glance.

I was a loser, but preferred to call myself a nonconformist. Slightly overweight (convinced of obesity), broken out (knew it was Chicago's worst acne), the lone tomboy amid training bra'ed peers, I entered high school planning to survive anonymously. However, schoolmates recognized a good target and would not leave me alone. I was hit with pennies, teased, greeted with sneers and hostility my first semester — because it was my first semester and I did not look cool. Class years were a class system . . .

"Do you remember . . .?" "Yes," I wrote, "the cruelty of those who called me queer before I knew I was one." Under marital status I wrote, "Lesbian." I sent my response with a check. I was committed.

Obsession overtook me. I had to remember every pertinent detail. I looked at class pictures of some particularly hated classmates, wishing for fat, baldness, and too many children. I



Loretta Lotman in 1976

wanted to see misery. My venom was limitless, fueled by years of untouched rage. I craved revenge.

The day before the reunion, I walked through the old neighborhood. While I was buying a pair of Adidas at an old-style department store, the teenage salesperson remarked, "Not many girls buy these." I laughingly asked whether the women's movement had hit town yet. Her jaw dropped. "You're not into that!?" she exclaimed. In West Rogers Park, feminism is still a social disease. I didn't mention homosexuality . . .

Finally, I recognized a face. Not a friend; just a face. "Gary!" I squealed, false warmth and alcohol permeating my greeting. "Hi," — eye dart to name tag — "Loretta!" "What are you doing?" I asked. He listed an occupation. "And you?" I took a deep breath. "Well, I'm living in New York, working as a free-lance writer, a play I

helped write was just produced Off-Off Broadway . . ." He nodded with a blankly appreciative grin, "and I've spent three and a half years working in the gay liberation movement." True to our polite upbringing, Gary's smile didn't falter. He did, however, freeze in mid-nod of approval. He finished the nod, losing two beats in the process. "Well," he gestured with his drink, "got to run." And he did . . .

Eye dart. "Hank!" Hank? Our last class together was second grade. We'd not been friends or dates at Mather. He wasn't even in choir. Politely, I offered my formal litany. At "gay" his eyes widened, the smile grew. Was he gay too?

"You know," he condescended, "you're getting yourself into a trap with all this rhetoric shit." I zapped back Remedial Feminism. He tried to calm me down with a sloppy hug. "Get your hands off me, you prick!" I snapped. He got the hint and walked off for another drink . . .

Enough. Shaken but resolute, I pinned on my most blatant movement button. GAY, its big capital letters screamed. The knot in my stomach eased. The world was suddenly familiar again; this was just a typical gay-straight consciousness-raising session. That button gave me the power, finally, after all these years, to pay back some of the discomfort I'd

endured. I planned to savor every wince . . .

Ah — but only one-third of Mather '66 bothered to show up. High school taught us well the pains inflicted on those who were not winners. Reunions are self-censoring mechanisms. Those who would not fit didn't attend. Only those people who could still play the game were in that room, that night. If I'd not been thin, I wouldn't have come. There are some artificial standards even a political consciousness can't erase.

"We simply choose to forget . . ."

I wondered about those winners, too. Sitting in the darkened room, they all seemed so perfect. Lives, marriages, children couldn't be that flawless. But, of course, we all knew the ultimate crime would be to have slipped in that illusive, musty pecking order. We wouldn't risk losing status. So we cheated to make ourselves look better. We exaggerated. Me, too. The play I helped to write turned into "my play" and I lost one "Off" on its relationship to Broadway. Just a little fib. Just one.

And if I left that pimple alone, no one would ever notice.

"So it's the laughter we will remember . . ."

—from Loretta Lotman's "I Was the Dyke at My High School Reunion," in the *Village Voice*, Dec. 13, 1976.

The New York Times

"In *Christopher and His Kind*, he (Christopher Isherwood) is out to revise his own record to set the decade straight . . . The passion missing from most of his novels although it declares itself in *A Single Man* and *A Meeting By the River* is his homosexuality. Christopher's 'kind,' his 'set,' his 'tribe,' are all homosexuals, or used to be. In no way does he 'accept' his homosexuality as though it had dropped on him from Pluto and there was nothing he could do about it. Rather, deliberately and even courageously he chose it . . .

. . . If he had declared his homosexuality in 'Goodbye to Berlin' or 'Lions and Shadows,' would it have liberated him into a larger consequence? The portraits of Bubi, Otto, and Heinz in *Christopher and His Kind* are not encouraging. Perhaps passions are something he isn't very good at writing about.

"If, on the other hand, in an intolerant and superstitious age not much different from our own, E. M. Forster had published *Maurice* and weathered the brouhaha, would he have been liberated into writing more novels of the quality of *Passage to India* and *Howard's End*, instead of descending into silence? I'd like to think so. The abilities of a Forster and an Isherwood aren't commensurate. It isn't the fault of 'Auden & Co.' that they weren't geniuses on the scale of 'Joyce, Eliot & Co.' It is, however, depressing that they so much wanted to be, and can't stop measuring themselves on that scale, and find themselves so wanting. Their sexual choice should have nothing to do with the imbalance."

—From John Leonard's review of Christopher Isherwood's 1929-39 autobiography, *Christopher and His Kind*. The review appeared in the New York Times, Dec. 9.



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Lesbians Rising Makes an Impact at Hunter

By Alan Bowne

(Reprinted courtesy of News West)

NEW YORK — Lesbians Rising, a gay women's collective at Hunter College here, has in its five years of struggle with homophobic elements of the institution emerged as one of this city's most cohesive and effective campus groups.

The collective has been active in forming a social services seminar as well as women's studies courses.

Lesbians Rising is a 1971 spin-off from a Hunter feminist collective because — as LR spokesperson Joyce Hunter puts it — "independence is important for gay women, what with our special goals and needs. We are feminists, but with a difference." The collective has a core of some twenty "very active" gay women.

Hunter College is part of the City University system, and it was on this campus last winter that gay people stood in the vanguard of protests against a tuition hike proposed and passed during the city's fiscal crisis.

Lesbians Rising, often working in tandem with the Hunter College Gay Men's Alliance, is known as one of the most vociferous groups working against social oppression of minority interests on campus.

Their persistence on the question of gay rights has led them into conflict with elements that consider homosexuality "abnormal," elements such as the college administration, the Student Health Service, and other minority groups like the Caribbean Students Union.

An added factor of sexism particularly bedevils the collective in the various on-campus actions.

"It was a long, incredible battle



getting a gay center here," says health counselor and LR member Leslee Rosch. "When we discovered that the Student Health Service was referring gays to homophobic, overpriced shrinks who would 'cure' their condition, the openly gay women and men here 'sat in' at an unused room — Room 245 — in the Main Building and formed the Hunter College Gay Center for counseling and movement purposes.

"First the administration changed the locks on the door. Then the health service refused to refer gay students to us. Then the Caribbean Students Union tried to block our budget," she recalled.

The Hunter Gay Center, in addition to offering counseling and providing

meeting space, is replete with a well-organized library of several hundred volumes and pamphlets on the subjects of homosexuality, lesbian health care and feminism.

One of the major obstacles lesbians face at the college, according to Hunter, is that many women "are afraid to associate with an on-campus lesbian group because they fear discrimination within the school."

Lesbians are also particular targets for homophobic male groups who "cannot accept their own sexuality" or cannot countenance "women who refuse to be objects for men," Hunter explained.

Another obstacle is professors whose attitudes are prejudiced and uninformed, Hunter added. To

combat the problem, Lesbians Rising, in conjunction with the gay men's group, has formed an "Alliance Against Homophobic Professors."

This project coordinates all reports about professors who continue to "stereotype, insult and ridicule" gay people and women in their classes. A monthly report is presented by the Alliance at the general meetings of Lesbians Rising along with its recommendations for some possible courses of action.

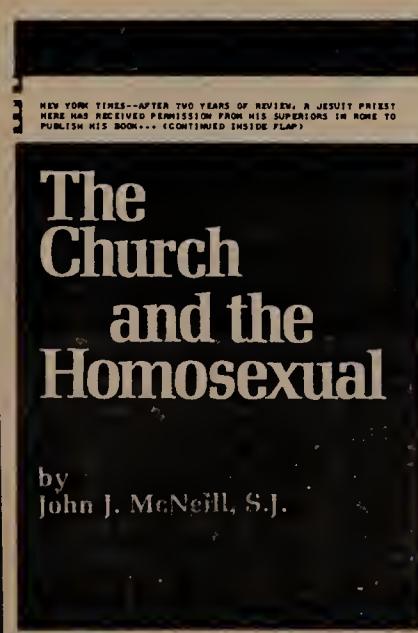
The activist core of Lesbians Rising speaks weekly in classes all over campus and generally confronts homophobic professors for "equal time." The lesbian collective reports "good rapport" in their classroom outreach efforts, particularly with women on campus, to whom they direct their primary appeal, and all members are in agreement that barriers against gays are slowly "breaking down."

Civil disobedience and picketing are other methods to which the collective has resorted in past controversies.

"We work well with gay men on campus," says Hunter. "We have had our disagreements, and we lesbians staunchly insist on independence, but when gays are attacked we band together for concerted action."

A cooperative social event on alternate Friday evenings at Roosevelt House, 47 E. 65th St. — once the stately residence of the thirty-second U.S. president and his wife — has been organized by the lesbian collective and the Gay Men's Alliance. These coffee house meetings, open to everyone, include seminars and presentations by lecturers on the role of gay people and homosexuality in history, politics, and culture.

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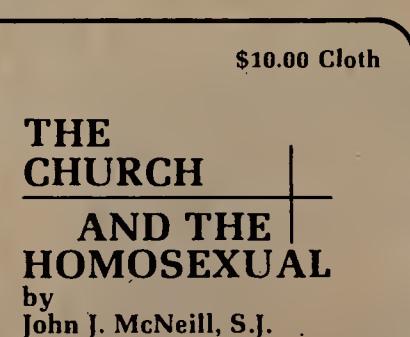
"... a theologically and ethically enlightened attempt to demonstrate the intellectual baselessness of current attitudes and policies concerning homosexuality, and to command a wiser and kinder pastoral approach to the problems and potentialities of homosexuals. ... We have here a book of real Christian value which says just about the right thing in just about the right way at just about the right time."

—James Gaffney, AMERICA

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Buttressed by the latest psychological research and an encompassing grasp of ethics, this work creates a new, compassionate view of the homosexual and his relationship to God, Church and fellow humans. Father McNeill's is a compelling plea for the acceptance of what is not an aberration of human behavior, but merely one portion in the spectrum of humanness.

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This controversial study—delayed for three years by the church—is the first attempt to fully examine traditional Christian attitudes toward homosexuality.

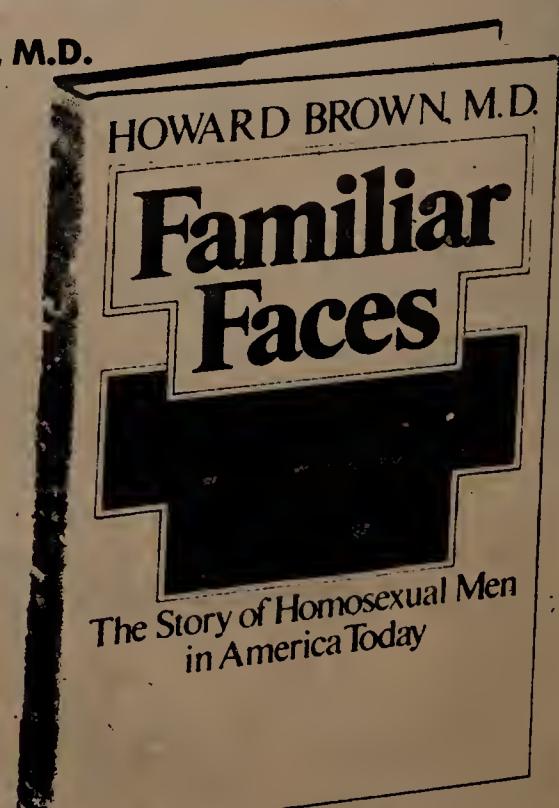
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"A strong, convincing defense of everyone's right to the freedom to love fearlessly." —Kirkus Reviews

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An eloquent first-person narrative by Dr. Howard Brown, health services administrator of New York City during the Lindsay administration, is more than one man's story of discovery, fear, self-awareness and even pride. It is the story of many men—their needs, hopes and accomplishments—and their relation to every aspect of American society, including the law, religion, psychiatry and the family. Dr. Brown writing from his heart and his experiences openly discusses what it means to be a homosexual man.



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REPORT OF GRNL FINANCES AND MEMBERSHIP November 30, 1976

FINANCES:

Checking account opened at National Capitol Bank, May 3, 1976.
Deposits to date: \$8,311.09

Expenses:

Processing of memberships	\$ 229.50
American Arbitration Association	803.10
Board Members transportation	141.00
Printing and Xeroxing	86.95
Postage	26.00
Miscellaneous	27.10
Total expenses:	\$1,313.65

Current Bank Balance: \$6,997.44

Current Total Membership: 385

The breakdown into categories of membership is as follows:

\$ 0	3	(Memberships pledged, but payment not yet received.)
5	2	(Partial Memberships paid, full payment to be made at later date.)
15	310	(Member)
20	9	
25	38	(Sustaining Member)
30	1	
40	3	
50	9	
100	6	(Contributing Member)
115	1	
250	2	(Business Member)
500	1	(Benefactor)

Identified sources of memberships and contributions:

Source	Amount	Number of Members
National Gay Task Force	\$1,948.49	75
The Advocate	1,360.00	55



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Midwest Gay Rights Financial Committee	120.00	6
Gay Community News	45.00	3
The Blade	15.00	1
Pittsburgh Gay News	15.00	1

'Creeping Gay-ism' Stirs Lauderdale

FORT LAUDERDALE, Fla. — A cry of "Gays Must Go" from the mayor of this booming resort city has stirred gay activism for the first time in Fort Lauderdale. In a statement made two weeks ago, Mayor E. Clay Shaw called for a Broward County Grand Jury investigation of creeping gay-ism here. The mayor charged that entire hotels had been taken over by "homosexual interests" and linked Fort Lauderdale's gay community with male prostitution and drugs.

The reaction of Fort Lauderdale's previously unpoliticized gay community was swift. On Dec. 3, under the leadership of Bob Kunst, co-chairman of the nearby Dade County Coalition for Humanistic Rights for Gays, a large number of gays turned out for a demonstration at City Hall. Kunst demanded an apology from the mayor at the rally and asked for his resignation. However, Mayor Shaw, vacationing in Aspen, Colo., shot back, "I've got nothing to apologize for and I'm certainly not going to resign."

Miami activist Kunst told GCN in a telephone interview that the mayor's statement was "strictly political." "It was just a political stunt, that's all," he said. "There is a primary election Feb. 8 and a general election on March 3. Shaw blasted the whole community when what he was complaining about are ten to fifteen hustlers and a couple of hotels."

Kunst sees the mayor's entire anti-gay campaign as a failure. "He's totally isolated at this point. The city manager, the city attorney, and the police chief have all agreed that there is no reason for a grand jury investigation."

Kunst emphasizes that "for the first time" the gay community of Fort Lauderdale has organized itself. A Broward County Coalition for the Humanistic Rights for Gays has been established and, according to Kunst, the first meeting attracted more than 150 people. Thirteen Fort Lauderdale bars have agreed to contribute \$50 a month each to the Coalition.

The Coalition's first task will be to organize a voter registration drive to help defeat Mayor Shaw in the upcoming election. "We're going to run candidates for mayor and vice mayor," says Kunst. "We're going to form a 'grand coalition' of old people, black people, gays, and women."

According to Kunst, the local media has had a good deal of coverage of the situation, mostly favorable. But when *Variety*, the show business industry publication, picked up the story, it noted that "Connie Francis' 'Where the Boys Are' put Fort Lauderdale on the map as a youth-oriented action spot." Now, reported the newspaper, the "1960s tune has a malevolently ironic meaning."



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Un-becoming Men

THE FORTY-NINE PERCENT MAJORITY: The Male Sex Role. Ed. by Deborah David and Robert Brannon. 1976, Addison-Wesley, Reading, Mass. 338 pp.; paperback, \$5.95.

A Review by John Kyper

Masculine arrogance dies hard. There is much, much that we must learn from women, for the sake of our un-becoming men.

It is easier for women to realize they are oppressed; the manifestations are obvious. We, alas, have no such luck. Penis privilege is a pernicious demon dangling in front of our eyes, tempting us with the rewards conferred upon the biological accident of being male. Nowhere can we find handles to the problem as readily as can the women.

The word "oppression" is too pitifully simplistic to describe the situation in which we become our own worst enemies, still internalizing those male supremacist lies we have been fed since infancy. We believe women inferior and other men the enemy/competitor. Gay or straight, we are beseeched to join the self-destructive pursuit of Success — so that we can fuck more and consume more.

Several years ago, at a Winter Soldier Investigation in Vermont, a Vietnam veteran testified to an extreme, but logical demonstration of these values: Military training brutalized the soldiers, denying them the outlet of a normal relationship with a woman, or with the other men. By being denied, the sexual drive was perverted into the drive to kill and destroy. Sexism was companion to the racism that viewed the Vietnamese as "gooks." Women were valued only as a "piece of tail," a Saigon prostitute or a hostage to be raped, then murdered. The American ideal of Manhood had created a monster — from Nixon's desperate desire to "hold firm" so as not to be "the first American president to lose a war," to the lowliest combat grunt. In Vietnam we reaped the heritage of 200 years of conquest, and our soldiers were among the worst victims.

The male role, then, is at the heart of the problem. The vicious cycle of brutalization and aggression that characterizes our society (even in its most "civilized" manifestations, like business) must be broken. In the past decade the women's liberation movement has developed as a response, to strive for alternatives to male domination over their lives. But thus far attempts to alter male behavior by males has remained (to reverse the old sexist cliche) a "weak brother" to the work of the feminists.

Indeed, until recently there has been little written on the male sex role. In an introductory essay to *The Forty-Nine Percent Majority*, one of the editors asserts that

human sex roles of male and female, and specifically the male role itself, have shaped and molded the social structure and social world we live in more deeply and extensively than any other single influence one could name.... I believe that the male sex role has been able to elude scientific study — or even notice — because, rather than in spite of, its enormous and pervasive influence on the knowledge, thoughts, attitudes, and assumptions of every person who has grown up under its influence. Our culture has been dominated by males for as long as records exist,

and every man and woman alive today has grown to maturity and developed styles of thought and stores of knowledge while as deeply immersed in the values, concerns, and emphases of the male sex role as fish in the depths of the ocean.

This book is an anthology that seeks to correct this oversight.

The editors both teach at Brooklyn College: David, sociology, and Brannon, psychology. The book grew out of the experience of one editor, who taught a course "Male and Female in American Society," and encountered a frustrating and embarrassing dearth of books on men. *Majority* is thus designed to be a textbook, but it is also extremely usable by the general reader.

"It apparently still means something today to say of someone, 'Now there's a real man!' but what exactly does it mean?" is the question the editors pose again and again. This volume is divided into three basic parts: dimensions of the male sex role, learning the role, and changing the role. Each of these aspects is examined at length with a series of essays, a few personal accounts and pieces of fiction, and even one work of poetry (Kipling's "If"). Most selections have been previously published, in books or in periodicals as diverse as *Woman's Day*, *National Observer*, *Liberation* and *Win* magazines. Only a couple of pieces appear here for the first time.

The first part comprises most of the book. It is divided into four subsections: "No 'Sissy Stuff': The Stigma of Anything Vaguely Feminine"; "The Big Wheel: Success, Status, and the Need to Be Looked Up to"; "The Sturdy Oak: A Manly Air of Toughness, Confidence, and Self-Reliance"; and "Give 'Em Hell: The Aura of Aggression, Violence and Daring." Each chapter contains from five to twelve selections of varying lengths.

Significantly, the anthology opens by probing the masculine fear of "femininity": in women, in other men, in themselves. The emotional constipation enforced by our upbringing wounds and warps every last one of us, from the first time that we were told that "big boys don't cry." Anger is the only permissible emotion, and we have been provided with a whole series of institutions, from the Presidency to the prisons, as arenas for male aggression. Our social/economic system channels us toward marriage and children, and provides us with whatever scapegoats we need to work out compressed emotions: women, blacks, homosexuals, other males.

Politics and business are the epitome of the male's "place." A snippet by Warren Farrell, from *The Liberated Man* [sic], contrasts how George Romney, Edward Muskie and Thomas Eagleton ruined their political careers by admitting weakness, with the "manliness" of Lyndon Johnson, Dean Rusk and Richard Nixon in refusing to acknowledge that they had been wrong. "We are not a nation of quitters," Nixon told us, and Farrell adds that "Watergate is virtually a male soap opera." Nixon knew that wrongdoing cloaked as strength would be cynically accepted, as "just politics." "Cynicism is a man's emotional diarrhea. Real emotions are stuck in his system."

Love — toward anyone — is so often a foreign emotion. Several selections review the incapacities of men as husbands and as fathers. One of the



book's longest and most important essays is "Homophobia Among Men" by Gregory Lehne, formerly of the *Body Politic* collective in Toronto.

That [homophobia] is primarily directed against male homosexuals is [an] indication that the roots of homophobia and its social effects relate to the general male role in society, not to any specific characteristics of homosexuality. If the rationalizations used to justify homophobia were in fact valid, then homophobia would not exist as a threatening motivation for males. If you can tell a homosexual when you see one, and if they exhibit the characteristics of the stereotype, then why would heterosexual men be afraid that someone might mistakenly think they were homosexuals? For homophobia to exist as a threat, it is necessary that the associated stereotypes of homosexuality be false, otherwise the taunt "What are you, a fag?" would be so patently untrue that it would not be threatening.

Lehne examines the sources of homophobia and develops the concept of "homosexism," i.e. sexism directed toward members of the same sex. He drives his point home: "Homophobia is used by homophobes to enforce the norms of male sex-role behavior. That is why individuals whose lives are generally unaffected by homosexuality are homophobic; homosexuality is not the real threat, the real threat is change in the male sex role." This essay, alone, is worth the price of the book.

After this beginning the parts fall into place. The second chapter, the longest, examines the striving for Success. Several pieces deal with the conventional definitions: one selection discusses the aspirations of blue collar workers, another is entitled "Measuring Masculinity by the Size of a Paycheck," and a third is an excerpt on conspicuous consumption, from Thorstein Veblen's book *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. Other routes to success, including gang fighting and competition for status among prisoners, are explored here. But "Love Duel at Crystal Springs," by Jerry Farber, is a particularly inane selection — as if the editors were desperate to get in something, anything, on the late "counter-culture."

"The Sturdy Oak" contains "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," always a welcome satire, which seems particularly appropriate in this context. Another older piece is Samuel Stouffer's analysis "Masculinity and the Role of the Combat Soldier" during World War II. More recent is Marc Feigen Fasteau's "Vietnam and the Cult of Toughness in Foreign Policy," from *The Male Machine*, reviewing the masculinist *weltanschauung* of the foreign policy makers of three administrations who led us to America's greatest military defeat. The analysis could be extended to the "nuclear realism" of the arms race in the last three decades.

Seymour Hersh's reportage of the My Lai massacre is reprinted in the following chapter, though the editors' introduction unnecessarily apologizes for its violence. Here, too, is Kate

Millett's famous dissection of the macho pathology of Norman Mailer's novels. Other articles analyze pro football and the "masculine mystique" of violence. Most telling of all is Alice Duer Miller's 1915 satire "Why We Oppose Votes for Men":

1. Because man's place is in the army.
2. Because no really manly man wants to settle any question otherwise than by fighting about it.
3. Because if men should adopt peaceable methods women will no longer look up to them.
4. Because men will lose their charm if they step out of their natural sphere and interest themselves in other matters than feats of arms, uniforms and drums.
5. Because men are too emotional to vote. Their conduct at baseball games and political conventions shows this, while their innate tendency to appeal to force renders them particularly unfit for the task of government.

Part II is a chapter on male socialization. One selection discusses the sex role pressures upon children, another is about ghetto males, and a third is on the influence of high school athletics. Much of it is dry reading, but counterposed are two painful personal accounts: Joseph Pleck examines his own feelings of inadequacy while growing up, in a piece that first appeared in *Win* a couple of years ago. And the conclusion of Julius Lester's reminiscence, "Being a Boy," deserves immortality: "... A man is nothing but the figment of a penis's imagination, and any man should want to be something more than that."

"Challenges to the Male Role," the conclusion, is the least satisfying part of the book. There are three elementary articles on "men's liberation," a review of legal challenges to laws that discriminate against males (like alimony), and a fantasy of the upbringing of a nonsexist child, which doesn't quite come off.

There is no discussion, however, of the frequent criticisms that have been leveled against "men's liberation" groups as perpetuating male supremacy. (A fairly recent example is Bob Lamm's "Men's Movement Hype" in *Win*, 1/29/76.) Several years ago I was involved in one such group in Boston, as an open gay. I felt my energy drained by a group seeking reassurance that they were still *men*, after everything was said and done. Other gays in the group had the same feeling. Well, goddamnit, I don't want to be a man. I was called a "sissy" when I was a child and it was an unintended compliment. It was finally the war in Vietnam that first made me realize that my Manhood wasn't worth the dehumanization.

Although *The Forty-Nine Percent Majority* is unevenly written and presents such an anticlimactic, disappointing conclusion, its faults do not detract from the excellence of most of the rest of the book. This is a valuable pioneering book, gathering together a multitude of perspectives. *Majority* deserves to become more widely read, a standard work in a field just opening to organized inquiry.



Tricentennial Journal



By Steve Blevins

December 31, 2076

Dear Diary:

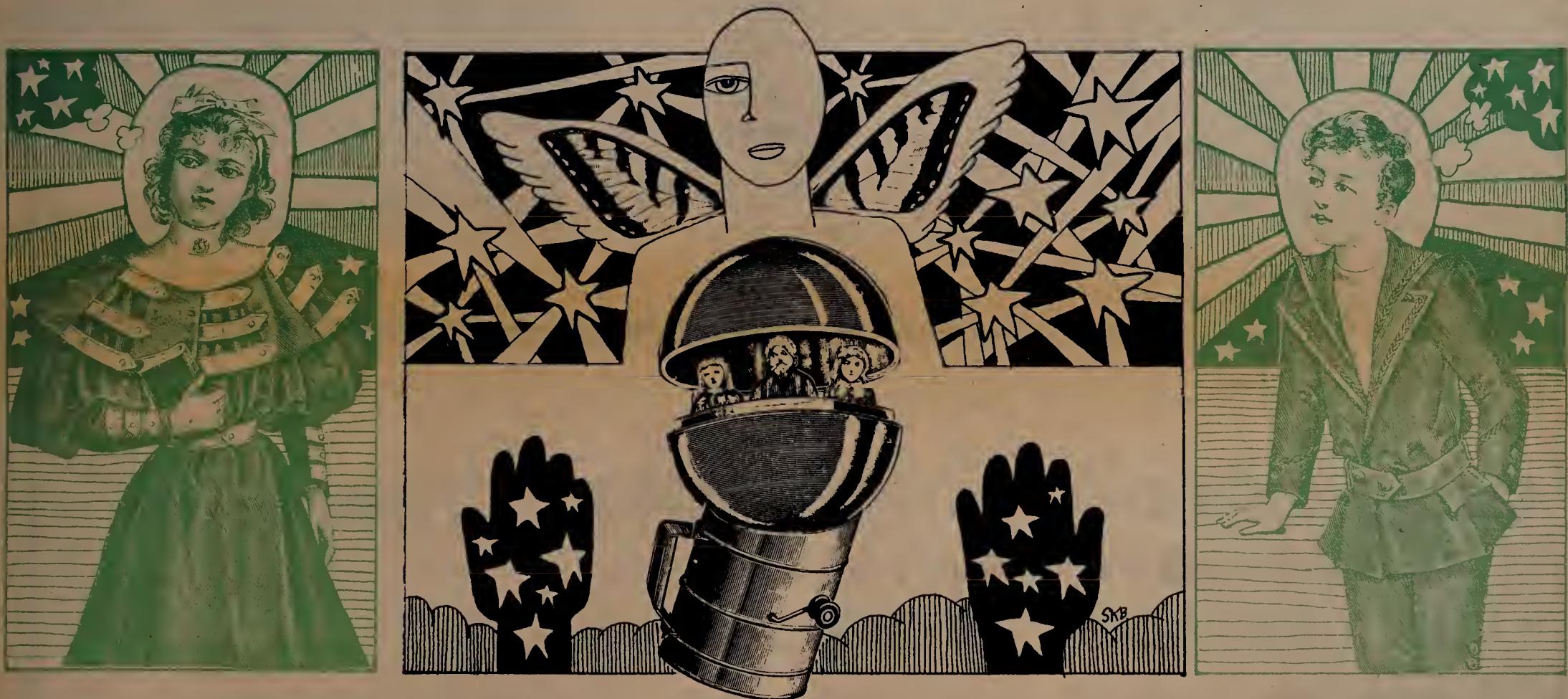
Thank god the Tricentennial is over! If one more interplanetary tourist asks me why I have only one mouth, or how in the world I function without tentacles, I'll regurgitate. Really. One wants to be pleasant. Aliens aren't all bad. But then one comes along like that Venusian who tried to mate with Plymouth Rock. It must be the holiday spirit.

It was an unpredictable year. I wonder how the brothers and sisters of the Bicentennial felt. We dug up the time capsule at Xtopher Street today. As St. Susan Sontag might have said: Verily, such a camp! The capsule was buried before the Free Genitals Act of 1990, so there was much memorabilia from our pioneering forepersons: Chief Justice Elaine Noble's gavel, a program from Lillian Tomlin's one woman performance of *The Brothers Karamazov*, and former Sgt. Leonard Matlovich's honorable discharge. Also preserved were: the Dell paperback edition of J.E. Hoover's posthumous *Queer Confessions*,

schools and the first thing you know they'll abolish masturbation!" But we live and learn. It was no time at all before the Free Genitals Act guaranteed everyone "the right to be affectionate toward and relate to those persons with whom rapport is obvious."

Last night was a party at the Boston Center for Pleasant Experiences. Although I personally don't like diesalteque music, I found myself "getting down," as they said in the 1970s. Even the heterosexuals were dancing, and I saw several interesting looking life forms in for the weekend from Saturn. I o.d.'d on vitamins, as is my wont, and at one point, insisted on leading a singalong of *Green Is the Color of My True Love*.

Tomorrow I go to the Bureau of Great Relationships and apply for a lover. Not that Quasar wasn't the her-him-it I wanted, but she-he-it very much missed her-his-its living space on Neptune, and try as I might I can't imagine myself living in her-his-its silver sphere eating nothing but neon cubes. Why cry over split Strontium-90? They'll send someone perfectly compatible who'll be content to spend our life cycles together. I guess I'm romantic, but I understood from that time capsule today that there was no computomagnetic matching of bio-



two quarts of amyl nitrate (popular, I understand, before the FDA determined the daily minimum requirements of cocaine), a faded photo of G.C.N. staffpeople, a lock of Holly Near's hair, the pen with which President Sandra

Graham signed her executive order granting congressional veto to the Panthers, a chic strapless scarlet Dior once owned by the Fort Hill Faggots, a pair of Frye boots once belonging to feminist Karen Lindsey, and a complete transcript of the Supreme Court case against Harry Reems (which took 114 consecutive viewings of *Deep Throat* and related materials for the jury to decide).

Those were the days. After the Lesbian Socialist Army took over Washington and the Stop Nuclear Families Movement occupied the offices of *Family Circle*, we were only years away from ending the oppression against sexual minorities. Those were hard times for heterosexuals. You could see them coupling covertly in dark alleys, fondling one another brazenly in seamy singles bars, laughing the loudest at jokes about heterosexuals because they were afraid of being found out. It wasn't easy, but slowly they regained their rights, and 1986 saw the re-legalization of heterosexual relations. Not everyone felt it should happen: "Let them in the

rhythms and lifescrits in the 1970s. There was Kinsey-matic bonding of sexual idiosyncrasies. Persons met and related and more often than not shed saline fluid. They did not always agree — the National Nondisagreement Policy had yet to be passed. They fought against the evils of their day — sexism, racism, poverty, war — and yet within their struggles found ways to love one another. I'm a softy. I say all this, but I'm really very impatient to see who the bureau will send. It must have been tiring to have to listen to someone tell you about themselves, and to waste time telling them about you. Much better you know everything to begin with, and don't have to bother learning.

Diary, between you and me, 2076 hasn't been the Tricentennial I thought it would be. It was amusing the way the Lesbian Socialists redecorated the Statue of Liberty's Vagina Room, and I enjoyed the rendition of ancient disco carols by the Homosexual Tabernacle Choir. But what does it mean? Where is America going? I'm getting personal and political, which is always a sign I've forgotten my vitamins. I resolve in the New Year, however, to take a closer look at the primitive customs of the 1970s. I can't help wondering if they didn't know something we don't.

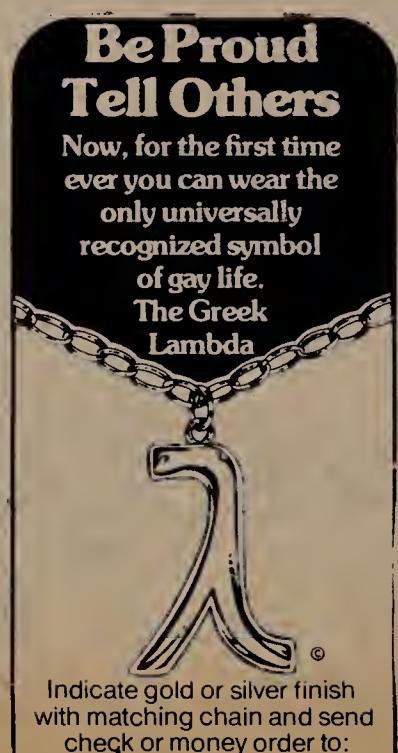
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A Theory of Erotic Devices or The Lady and the Beast



25 Years of Malcontent, by Stephanie Byrd. Good Gay Poets (P.O. Box 277, Astor Sta., Boston, MA 02123), 1976. 26 pp., \$2.00.

A Review and Interview by Rudy Kikel

She wasn't going to dress them up. The tormented nude on the cover of her first poetry chapbook, the somber passport mugshot on its back, its solecistic title (surely "Discontent" is what those 25 years were calling for): everything speaks of it, her discomfort, a discomfort there was no way to get by but by its accommodation in her poems. That way freedom lay, that

way the possibility, even, of some gruff humor at the exhilarating if disastrous new truths one would find out for oneself about oneself: "this pain is me/ i chortle at each flailing."

And so, following the direction of the suffering women in her family — of her mother ("My spleen is my mother's"), of her grandmothers (who "warn me to turn away the alien ways of/ what is white"), of her grandmother's mother Smothers ("another woman whose head/ bore a white man's scalping") — Stephanie Byrd proceeded to identify with the inner and outer sources of her distress, with

her experience as a woman —

I lie raped yet assured by all
that such mishaps are quite common
— as a black woman, in particular
("What would you call me/ me whose
name is jigaboo/ and nigger"), and as
a lesbian who "has sought naming/ in
strange women's breasts/ and between
their legs."

When she is fastidious, when she denies the brutality of that experience (in herself or others), when, for instance, she couples a disingenuous incredulity with a delicate alliterative propriety ("Listening to you talk to my kid/ I can never believe that/ you once walked streets/ Covered by dung and desperation"), the poetry seems to me inauthentic. Where Byrd is at her best, she is bestial; when the poetry is alive, even somehow lavish, it is so not because of a roughness denied but because of a raunchiness surrendered to:

we sat on my porch swing and watched
love
come and go
go and come
come and go

licking our lips and fingering slim pick-
ings

And where she has accepted the only self that seems to count for her, the "lover/ of juicy tidbits," the hungry, animal self, her own most deeply *human* sympathies, ironically, get stirred (she feels for the man "sleeping alone" whose "hard" woman she has introduced into her bed) and she earns the right (in "Dem Bones") to satirize behavior that is merely lady-like:

it's here! another bone for my garden
it's received! another lady to tea

Juiced and ready!

Who or what has Stephanie Byrd become? I don't think she can tell us yet. "I want a piece": *that* she knows. What she has got to do is put the pieces together — to compose pieces, poems, inspired by the pieces she wants — and

when these things are connected
Winding serpentine in hieroglyphs and
language
a name . . .

will be written on the stone.

Her "naming," how we speak of her, what she thinks of herself, will come later.

GCN: I knew about your work before I read your book from having heard you read a poem after last year's Gay Pride Parade, a poem ending — correct me if I'm wrong — with the line, "I am black, I am a woman, I am a lesbian."

Byrd: Oh yeah, it was more like: "As a woman I am offered lipstick and a girdle; as a lesbian, I'M OFFERED THERAPY."

GCN: Uh huh. How come *that* poem, with which you are for a lot of people associated, is not in your book?

Byrd: Well, I submitted the book to Good Gay Poets before the parade for one thing. I'm hoping to publish another volume in a year or so and it will include that poem.

GCN: Is there a lot not in this book?

Byrd: I'd say about 30 poems.

GCN: Have you a publisher for them?

Byrd: No, I just write and keep my fingers crossed. I guess that's the way most people start. They write and keep their fingers crossed. Publishing is difficult.

GCN: Have you sent many poems out to magazines?

Byrd: Yes, till I was about twenty-two, while I was living in Indiana. With no luck. Either I was too young, or . . . I actually got one rejection letter from *Seventeen* magazine that told me I should wait until I was older and had experienced the things I was writing about before I wrote about them.

GCN: Assuming that you hadn't experienced those things.

Byrd: Yes, exactly. Which was really a funny rejection. I think I still have that letter somewhere.

GCN: And you *had* experienced them.

Byrd: Yes. (Laughter all around.)

GCN: Stephanie, one of the things I feel about your poetry is how much it seems to ask to be read aloud. Have

(Continued on page 18)

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Gay students are coming out, and Growing Up Gay, a new pamphlet from Youth Liberation, is helping them do it. It is a collection of 16 articles by gay young women and men, telling of the experience of being twice oppressed — young and gay. Included are articles about accepting one's gayness, coming out, and talking with your parents. There is an extensive list of resources. Only \$1.25 from Youth Liberation, Dept. W, 2007 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.



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theatre

New York's "Nightingale" Does No Justice to Williams' Play

A Review by Robert Chesley

"The Eccentricities of a Nightingale," now at the Morosco Theater in New York, is Tennessee Williams' reworking of his far better known "Summer and Smoke." The second play was written soon after the first — while "Summer and Smoke" was going into production in London — and has waited since 1948 to be seen. I feel it is a far better play than "Summer and Smoke."

The two central characters remain the same in their names and in some of their attributes and circumstances. In "Summer and Smoke" Alma Wine-miller, the reverend minister's daughter in a small southern town, is a spinsterish and prudish woman, losing her youth, who becomes aware of her strongly sensual nature and in desperation has the courage to act on her sexual impulses; she offers herself to the young doctor next door, John Buchanan, whom she has loved since she was a schoolgirl. Ironically, John, who at the beginning of the play is a young rakehell, has moved in the opposite direction, and has become intent on leading a respectable and conventional life by the time Alma approaches him openly. The situation is more complex and less artificially balanced in "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale."

To begin with, the Alma of the second play is a more complex character — more self-aware, bluntly honest and caustically witty, for all of her pathetic, genteel affectations and her absurd, hysterical gestures. In an early scene with her father, Alma is shown rebelling against the staid, petty and



David Selby and Betsy Palmer in the New York production of "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale" which was at the Morosco Theatre on Broadway. (Closed)

occasionally vicious life of Glorious Hill, Mississippi; her father quashes her cruelly, but it is established that Alma has it in her to defy convention. In a later scene with John, Alma describes her desperate frustration with her life of mediocrity in a passionate and moving outburst. These scenes make credible — or even inevitable — her eventual blunt proposition to John near the end of the play; the Alma of "Eccentricities" is aware at the beginning of the play of the need for a change in her life.

A less conventional Alma makes John's taking an interest in her as a person more understandable than it is in "Summer and Smoke," and the relationship between them goes deeper and is far more poignant. The John of "Eccentricities" is not the young stud leading a fast and loose life; indeed, there is some implication, though no direct statement, that John is homosexual. In the revised play, John no longer has the two prominent heterosexual involvements of the earlier play.

An incident is described in which he is unable to perform his part with a prostitute; and he has gained a domineering and unmistakably seductive mother. (I think it is likely in this case that Williams was using John's mother to type him as homosexual, whether or not we can accept the stereotype in 1976.) John's implied homosexuality explains to some extent his non-sexual interest in and sensitivity to Alma. The interest which the John of the earlier play has in Alma is by the author's intention discordant with his promiscuous life, and is what eventually "saves" him and turns him into a respectable citizen. In the revised play, Williams may well be exploring the nature of the sensitive and mutually appreciative relationship which can exist between a gay man and a straight woman. If this is so (as I think it is), it is unfortunate that in 1948 Williams could not more firmly establish John's homosexuality as a positive attribute.

The relationship between John and Alma is, curiously enough, consummated sexually. On Alma's insistence, they rent a room for an hour. At first they are defeated by John's lack of a sexual response, but at the end of the scene John suddenly becomes aroused and they make love; the event is symbolized and celebrated by a little miracle: the fire in the grate, which has refused to light, suddenly bursts out into joyous flame.

As in "Summer and Smoke," Alma is shown at the end picking up traveling salesmen, but in "Eccentricities" it is not in the desperation of having lost John that she does this; rather, she has presumably had her life fulfilled by the hour-long consummation of her love for John, and is now adjusted both to her sexual drives and to her dislike of small-town proper society. She

(Continued on page 20)

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Going Home for the Holidays

By John Atteridge

I feel a slight foreboding about going home this year. For one thing, I've come out since my last visit, which is good. I'll be able to enjoy the Houston night life, which I've been told is considerable. For another thing, my parents and sisters know I'm out, which is also good. I was able to identify with a friend's descriptions of partying until three a.m., followed by tiptoeing into the house hoping his parents wouldn't wake up and praying that if they did they wouldn't ask where. (Chances are they wouldn't have recognized the names anyway.) That doesn't need to worry me now, and it'll be good to be able to talk with family openly about love and death (and what does that leave?).

But for a third thing my brother doesn't and shouldn't know, and that scares me. I only see him once a year now, but from all evidence he's an established homophobe. Add to this the fact that he's bigger than me (no small consideration when you're 5'6"), and the Surgeon General warns: "Caution: Gay Liberation can be hazardous to your health." The questions I can get around: "No, Ted, you can't come drinking with us . . . Well, you just wouldn't fit in." or "Oh, it was great! . . . Danced, and talked . . . Well, a few women, but not very many . . ." Ted has a knack for using the wrong word at the wrong time, and that could be a problem. If (when) he uses "fag" or "queer" or some such, do I set him straight (so to speak)? Even if I don't, my family's collective gasp is likely to say something. Do I have to put up

with such intolerance out of my own brother?

* * *

Speaking of wrong words at the wrong time — the Block Association meeting had adjourned to O'Neill's for coffee, and about fourteen conversations were going on between twelve people. One newcomer to the neighborhood made an observation about the "homosexual presence" on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Not a good sign. Two sentences later it was the "two fags living under him." At that point I mentioned that I preferred the term "gay" because of the connotations of "fag." He couldn't quite understand that, insisting that "a rose is a rose is a rose" (isn't that Gertrude

Stein he was quoting?!). Obviously a hopeless case, but what surprised me was everyone else. They were really supportive of my point of view, although at first only one knew why I took it personally. Quite a group, the Upper West Side!

* * *

While in school June was always the time for self-probing; December was just a time after one semester to relax before the next. Now I find myself thinking a lot about the past year and people who made it very special. Mom and Dad are trying so hard to understand and accept. If it sometimes takes us so long ourselves, can we expect better from others? An awful lot of people — gay and straight —

Byrd

(Continued from page 15)

you given many readings in Boston?

Byrd: Four. I read my poems aloud before I write a final draft. I studied Latin for several years, and I've always been really conscious of grammar — realizing that I have some license too. I mean if Cicero could get away with what he gets away with, I can do the same.

GCN: Is he sloppy grammatically?

Byrd: He can be, very. At Indiana University, we were encouraged to read Latin, Greek, German, you know all those things, *aloud*. That's one of

the things I liked about studying languages, that I could actually read them aloud, hear them, experience them on an audible level.

GCN: Audible?

Byrd: Auditory, if you like. When I first started writing in Latin . . .

GCN: You wrote poems in Latin?

Byrd: Yes, exercises in school. They were very fragmentary, like spoken language. Plautus wrote in the language people spoke and people enjoyed his poetry immensely. He didn't write in the so-called classical format. Terence, too, felt he had to use the language spoken in his time.

GCN: Do you think either of them had an influence on your work, I mean in terms of importing colloquialisms, spoken language into it?

have helped me accept and acknowledge and affirm myself as a gay male. Some unwittingly funny moments, as when Uncle Allen asked if my apartment was "coed or straight." Finally some answers to some very old questions of mine.

A friend recommended reading Walt Whitman's "deeply masculine love towards his universe" in times of doubt. I would recommend him anytime.

Full of life now, compact, visible,
I, forty years old the eighty-third year of the
states,
To one a century hence or any number of
centuries hence,
To you yet unborn these, seeking you.

When you read these I that was visible am
become invisible.
Now it is you, compact, visible, realizing my
poems, seeking me,
Fancying how happy you were if I could be
with you and become your comrade;
Be it as if I were with you. (Be not too cer-
tain but I am now with you.)

Byrd: Actually, I'd say they did influence me. They encouraged me to stay away from five-syllable words, not to alienate people with words.

GCN: What's ironic is that you found classical precedents for breaking with strictly classical patterns.

Byrd: Exactly. Most heretics do that.

GCN: Are you a heretic?

Byrd: Well, I'd be considered one.

GCN: What kind of poems do you want to write?

Byrd: Poems that put people at ease, that are direct, that go from point A to point B.

GCN: Logically?

Byrd: Emotionally. I want to get the beginning, the middle, and the end of the emotion across without the trimmings.

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Not Just a Birthday Party, But the Birth of a New Idea

A Review by Lionel Cuffie

"I went to a marvelous party; let's see there was Nana, Lulu, and Nell," begins Noel Coward's famous song. Well, the party I went to last Saturday at the Glines (260 W. Broadway, NYC) didn't have as many peers and eccentrics as Noel Coward's, but it was equally marvelous and unusual. Loretta Lotman, the mad dyke of Carmine St., invited me: "You must come over; it's Jimmy's [Saslow] birthday party. A friend of mine is singing — tout New York will be there. We're starting our own literary tradition. To hell with the fucking Bloomsbury group! Be there. You'll meet everyone you need to know. It'll begin at midnight and go until . . ."

"But, Loretta," I protested, "you forget I'm from Boston; things end at midnight. And I didn't bring a tuxedo with me."

"Ah, yes! Dear Boston — ethnic, organic, and brown — that's what Jimmy calls it. Try to make it."

I fell asleep at eleven. Woke up at twelve. Dressed. Grabbed a taxi and arrived during the first act of a one-woman show. Carolyn Val-Schmidt, lyric soprano, presented a program that included at least sixteen different styles of singing and several dramatic monologues. Ms. Val-Schmidt is a professional opera singer — and a lesbian/feminist. She has sung with the Lake George Opera, The Juilliard School, at Alice Tully and Carnegie halls. She made her Metropolitan Opera debut in Benjamin Britten's *Death in Venice* and recently sang the

role of Madame Butterfly with the Long Island Opera.

When I entered the hall, she had just finished singing two Benjamin Britten songs and went into comic versions of *Deck the Halls*, *Sempre Libera*, and *Un Bel di Vedremo*. After the arias, she read from Isabel Miller's *Patience and Sarah*, a lesbian novel set in the 19th century. Ms. Val-Schmidt's selection demonstrated that not only is she a singer but also a first rate actor; she managed to catch all the flavor of two 19th century country women awkwardly coming to terms with their unexpected mutual attraction.

From Lavender Jane's first album, Val-Schmidt sang *Because She's a Woman*, a ballad that is the stylistic opposite of *Sempre Libera*. In similar vein, she gave equally fine renditions of "Still Crazy After All These Years," a song in the gospel-blues style, *Everybody Needs Some Nookie Now and Then*, Al Carmine's country-western song from *The Faggot*. Carolyn ended the first part of the program with a dramatic reading from Rita Mae Brown's novel, *In Her Day* and several poems by Loretta Lotman.

The second act of the show included more dramatic readings: *Woman in a Bar* from Lotman's *Translesbianic Follies*, and four letters of *Alice B. Toklas*. The climax of the second part of the program was Ms. Val-Schmidt's singing the section of Virgil Thompson's opera *The Mother of Us All* that portrays Susan B. Anthony's ambivalence towards supporting the causes of men who repeatedly promised to

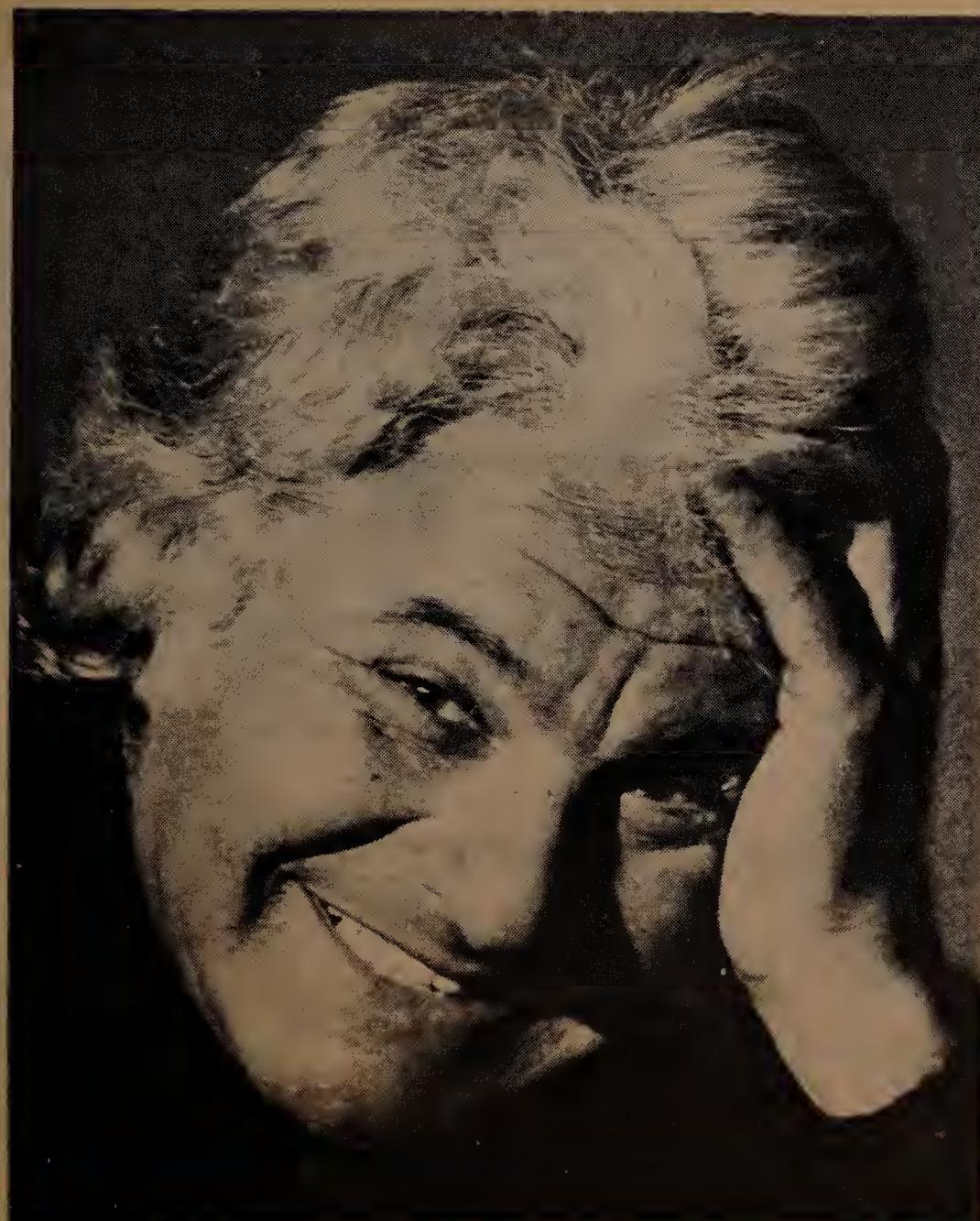


support women's rights legislation and repeatedly broke their promises. The passage was sung with great intensity and conviction.

The show ended at three-thirty a.m., I was still awake and very much alive — surprised that there is so much good gay material to keep me entertained that long. I regretted, however, that much of the force of Ms. Val-Schmidt's arias was vitiated; the

plaster walls and thickly carpeted floors absorbed what would have been a full-bodied, resonant sound.

Gayn Keller, Ms. Val-Schmidt's accompanist, was as at home in the many styles of music selected as the singer, a rare technical versatility. The two premiered this same show two weeks ago at the Glines and plan to do others similar to it in the near future.



In *The Second Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World*, Dick Shawn sounds the death knell for white, middle-class, heterosexual standup comics, including himself. Shawn speed-rapped his way through the tired comic standards (from ca-ca to Water-

gate, including a bit about an effeminate baseball pitcher that is insulting to gays). About half the audience laughed uproariously, and the rest of us wondered what was so funny. At the Boston Repertory Theatre through Dec. 26.

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Greetings to our gay friends. We wish to announce the grand opening of a Gay Ski Lodge in the Ascutney Valley in Rustic Vermont only 2½ hours drive from Boston. Nestled in a private secluded area but within minutes from all major ski areas and near other gay entertainment. We offer excellent cuisine and very comfortable accommodations at very reasonable rates.

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rap-up



By Mike Markowski

Entre Nous P'Town 76 has come and gone — successful, enjoyable and, best of all, memorable for the true spirit of Brotherhood in action. Entre Nous, the 16 other clubs represented and the independents in attendance got together and between pledges and an

auction raised \$1,000 that was donated to the families of the Patricia Maine fishing boat's tragic victims. That's what it's all about — helping all you can.

The 1270's annual Thanksgiving dinner for the elderly was another success. People pitched in and helped get it together to feed more than 150 senior citizens. Bob G. supervised the cooking and for many attending, it was their best dinner in months. Hats off to manager Joe Kirby, the 1270 and Eagle staffs and all the people who gave up their Thanksgiving Day to help.

The A.S.M.C. have been busy. They held their annual brotherhood feast at 12 Carver, and it was excellent. They had their elections (congratulations to their new board of officers) and their installation dinner at Gemelli's, a popular spot where the V.M.C. president/installation dinner was held earlier this year. They're also into

rehearsals for an updated version of "My Fair A.S.M.C.," coming to Boston in January. Pre-Broadway, I assume, as it is certainly better than most Broadway musicals. And they hosted the Trident M.C. members to a backyard steak dinner at the famous Trident 504 address.

Dick L.M. of Entre Nous has gone and joined the ranks at the 1270. Vulcan R.C. member Bob S. is at Herbie's Ramrod Room. And was that Paul C., captain of Entre Nous, slaving away at 1270, too? Well, that's all right, the Boston Eagle has Russ, vice president of the V.M.C., Chuck, lieutenant of Entre Nous and George, who's President Emeritus of the V.M.C., on their staff. All these high-ranking officers serving us! Pretty good deal.

Bartender Spotlight

In the Boston L/L scene the Shed at 272 Huntington Ave. is the oldest, having been in operation for 16 years. And if you think of the Shed, you think of its famous bartender Dick M., who has worked there the last eight years. A South Bostonian by birth,

Dick has lived in our fair city for all except five years spent in California and time travelling with the Air Force. A real Boston promoter, he lives in the South End section of the city, an area he feels will be the new Beacon Hill, with his 80 plants and many visitors to keep him company. Long active in the Boston Club scene, Dick is well-known throughout the country, Canada and Europe because he has attended so many runs. He has been to some 160 runs including two of London's 69 Club, making him one of the most-travelled club members in New England. He writes about the L/L scene for the Vanguard Vantage of Philadelphia, a city he visits almost every year for the Vanguard's "Octoberfest" event.

His zodiac sign is Aries the ram, strong and understanding. In his spare time, he refinishes furniture, but his favorite form of relaxation is cooking, and I can testify that he is an excellent chef. Dick works at the Shed Tuesday through Saturday, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. So drop in, have a drink and meet one of Boston's most well-known guys.

theatre

Nightingale

(Continued from page 16)



Tennessee
Williams

becomes a gracious prostitute.

Of course it is questionable whether a person's sexual and affectional needs can be satisfied for life by a single hour's encounter, as it is questionable whether prostitution is the answer to any woman's needs. Williams' basic message, however, though expressed in questionable terms, is compelling: a person must not deny her/himself, but reach out for what s/he wants and needs. This point is emphasized in "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale" by the story of Alma's aunt, who defies convention and her family by running off with the man she loves, and later dies attempting to save him from a fire. She is retrieved from the fire herself, having saved only a button from the coat of the man she loves, and dies saying, "Some people don't even die empty-handed." This is one alternative for Alma; the other is represented by her lunatic mother, who has been imprisoned by convention to the extent that she can rebel only in childish and ineffective ways — by willfully

insisting on little treats, by sticking out her tongue at people, or by throwing temper-tantrums. Williams feels so strongly about the importance of choosing the first alternative that he deliberately shows the fulfillment of life realized in shoddy and pathetic surroundings, as in Alma's prostitution. Nothing external in life — even life itself — matters, compared to the primacy of striving for personal fulfillment, whether realized or not. In "Orpheus Descending," another of his characters from *Glorious Hill* says, "What on earth can you do on this earth but catch at whatever comes near you, with both your hands, until your fingers are broken?"

If "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale" is a better play than "Summer and Smoke," it is not, alas, particularly evident in the current Broadway production. My appreciation of the play is based more on the wonderful version done in San Diego and shown on Public TV last summer. I believe the fault of the Broadway production lies with the direction by Edwin Sherin, despite his growing reputation as a Williams director. With one important exception, I would not call into question the ability of the actors to play their parts more convincingly if given the chance by the director. For some odd reason, Sherin has chosen to direct the play as a comedy — at times almost a farce. There is, of course,

plenty of comedy in Williams, but Sherin has most of the lines delivered in the rapid-fire manner of television sit-coms, and thereby loses the sensitive and poetic moments of the play, as well as the deeper comedy. The depth of Alma's character is lost when she is made to seem merely odd or funny, when her reflective and bitterly-yearning lines are delivered as jokes; and then the lines which show her true wit seem out of character for such a silly creature. John loses his maturity and warmth under Sherin, and his acts of kindness seem therefore almost inadvertent. In a scene in which he compassionately gives Alma's mother the attention she has been denied by everyone else, he has been directed to listen to her with boyish awkwardness and embarrassment; this behavior does not follow from the kindly resolution he has shown in eliciting the story she wants to tell. The director's failure to establish John's kindness and mature sensitivity and Alma's sharpness and depth of character throws the central relationship of the play out of kilter, and makes the progress of the play seem artificial.

Thus I cannot say anything particularly good about David Selby's performance as John, as I don't think he was given a chance to play the part;

and as for Betsy Palmer as Alma, I can only say that, unfortunately, she seems in every respect more like John's mother than his lover. Once only does this age difference not matter, and that is in the scene of her hysterical outburst to John about the painfulness of her life. Here Palmer can use her chesty and mature voice to advantage, and this is her best scene.

The most successful of the major parts is Grace Carney's characterization of Alma's demented mother. Here the playing for laughs works: the character is so obviously pathetic that her external absurdity can be taken as the logical outcome of her tragedy. The smaller parts in the play also work, as here Williams is writing farce — the little circle of Alma's friends, with their misdirected efforts to be "cultured."

The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge are excellent; the scenery by William Ritman is tiresome, unattractive and skimpy; the music by Charles Gross is inappropriately queasy and weird. I hope the reputation of this play is not set back by this poor production. I feel the play is Williams at his best, full of the piercing beauty and serio-comic vision into human suffering which makes it so easy for us to forgive him his weaknesses.

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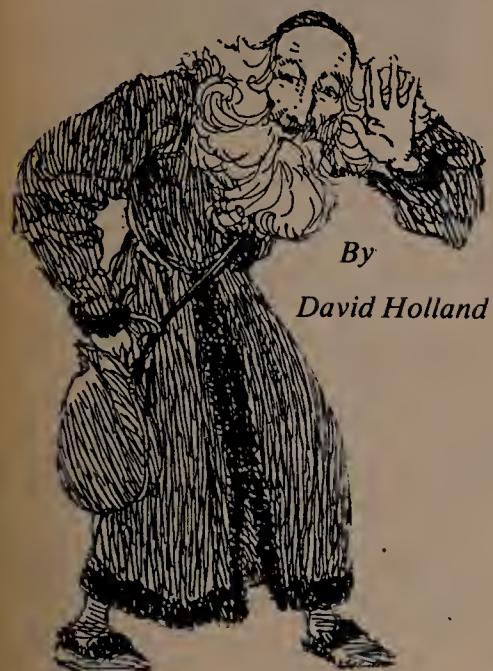
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By
David Holland

Say . . . didya see them lights on the Boston Common trees? Ain't they the prettiest lil' things ya ever seen Martha? Too bad them sights are all messed up by all them bums passed out un'erneath 'em. Martha, get the kids away. Hey where's Santa? Is he that pimply-faced little stuffed kid over there? Take the kids over, they won't know. I'll go on over there and tell that there cha'cha group with all them bang-bang drums and funny dresses to play some good ol' Christmas songs. They look kind of scraggly though. Hey, get them kids over to them pentup reindeers. Don't let them get too near though, they look kind o' sickly. Hey everyone, Merry Christmas — Merry Christmas! Come on baby-cakes, let's run over to that there Jordan's an' pick up some toys . . . Christmas lights and tinsel aside, one of the nicest gifts I received this year was not intended exclusively for me but rather for us all. In the December 13th issue of the *Village Voice* one Loretta Lotman wrote one hell of a beautiful account titled, "I Was the Dyke at my High School Reunion." Her Sissy Spacek-of-the-gay-world piece had me chuckling and remembering high school tribulations from the first word to the last. Then I cried . . . I brought Loretta's piece to Petrisse Briel's opening at Zimba's in Cambridge. She, that is Petrisse, has been away for some time and judging from the reaction of the women at the performance, they were glad to have her back. Her music reflects all the

things she's learned in her absence. She appears regularly, to rather full houses I might add, Sunday nights at Matt Talbot in the South End and Monday nights at Zimba's which is directly below Ahmed's in downtown Cambridge. Good luck, Petrisse, on your return to the stage . . . Seems 'tis the season for theaters to bolster their ratings by bringing in all the latest of the late. At long last, *King Kong* opens at the Savoy Complex. I think I'll get in line long before dawn for that premiere of Dino De Laurentiis' biggest splash hype of the year. The beast will never be the same, nor will his beauty . . . Throaty Ms. Streisand appears in the opening at the 57 Complex in *A Star is Born*, Dec. 25. I suspect this is the year of re-makes. Next year it will be *Ali McGraw* and *Ryan O'Neill* tapping their way through New Orleans in Ken Russell's latest version of *Gone With the Wind* . . . Orson Welles is coming to town the first week in January. He is premiering his new film, *F* is for *Fake* at the cinema of his own name in Cambridge. There will be a host of Orwellian events, including the film shown Jan. 8th at 8:00 and a one-man show at *Symphony Hall* on the 7th. I would suggest reserving now, as in today . . . Heard the word that *Provincetown*

may not be as outrageous as the summer months but the ocean's still there rising and falling every twelve hours. But I also heard that there's a herd stampeding down during the holidays. For those in the movement south catch *Paula Horn Kotis* at the Galerie Graphique, posters, original prints, and her own exciting photos before it closes Jan. 1 . . . Forget Lord and Taylor's swim-wear for your get-away but do stop by the *Uptown Strutters Ball* for a little something different to wear. It's a pick-your-era selection . . . And say hello to *Sadie* at *Sadie Green's*, that is if you can find her among the racks and piles, and racks and piles. *Sadie's* looks like a film star's wardrobe closet after her unseemly demise . . . For mid-weekers, the *Back Room* offers a two-for-one on Wednesday nights. And *Payton's* is still spinning the discs . . . Most of your favorite eateries are still open like the *Red Inn*, the *Landmark*, *Ciro* and *Sal's* and the "forever there" *Viking*. It ain't the islands but it is the Atlantic . . . I have to interject here a moment and give my congratulations to *Nancy* at *Together* for running Boston's most popular and outrageous Gong Show. She's the only woman running a barshow in this city. Thursday night



★★★★★★★★★★★★
This week's contest: Who's the actor? What's the film? First winner sees a film of their choice from the series now at the Orson Welles

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Passion, and Pain performing live. Their New Year's Gala goes on and on and on with champagne for all, even breakfast. Their last party on the 11th was a quintessential smash. I can't wait for the rest . . . *DiRocco's* in Tyngsboro is spelling their party "gayla" ohh la. Judging from the crowds I've seen there before I'm sure the 12:01 floor will be a litter of a thousand champagne corks . . . The first *Small Business Day Celebration* sponsored by the Gay Business Association, was a huge success. Thanks to *12 Carver* for use of the room. It looks as though it's full speed ahead for an organization that has found its time . . . Well, enjoy the season, its cantatas and cookies, and give a thought or two about those you haven't but should. All my holiday love . . .

My mini-review for a new maxi-restaurant:

A band of us G.C.N.ers feasted ourselves at the *Cafe Trieste* in the *Brook House* in Brookline, Ma. Dinner began early and went on for courses of soups, salads, finger canapes, entrees, and desserts. And I thought I couldn't eat after the huge bar buffet. They are welcoming a gay clientele. That was obvious as they certainly welcomed us. But let me recommend going with a crowd, having everyone order something different, and dipping your fork into every available plate. Amy Vanderbilt would die! *Cafe Trieste* won't; they'll simply watch you enjoy, enjoy, enjoy. After your savory *Scampi* (my choice) *Chicken Maryland* or any number of their Italian feasts, do save room for dessert — a platter of diet-destroying pastries. There's a gooey mound of chocolate cakes, strawberry tarts, neopolitans, and an array of many more. It's a great place for a quiet, loverly evening.



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midnights, at *Together* . . . The question is, Who isn't having a New Year's affair on the 31st? Well, *Citadel* is among those who are, both upstairs and down. The women's party will include *Liberty Standing* performing their best. Both floors will have fabulous buffets and 150 door prizes . . . The *Randolph Country Club*'s pool-side party will host *Ellie Boswell*, and, I hear, an endless supply of eats . . . The *Rainbow* has not one but two affairs at hand. Their Christmas gift to all is the Dec. 22nd party with *Ecstasy*,

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personals

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NEAL BERNARD

Bernard family is concerned about Neal's whereabouts. Neal or friends, please call Connie, 1-879-6032.

What's the sense of struggling for our sexual freedoms when the chances of us being around to enjoy them are getting slimmer all the time? Stop the madmen who are trying to build nuclear power stations (bombs) all over New England. Join the Clamshell Alliance. Call (617) 864-3150.



SUBSCRIBE

Gay Community News

HITCHED FOR LIFE?

GCN is doing a study of gay couples (male) who have been together 5-10 years or more. All couples are invited to share their experiences, good and bad times together. If interested call 426-4469 or 783-3906.

GWM looking for youth between 18 & 20 to take to P. Rico this winter for fun in the sun & moon. Pref. Pisces or Virgo. Photo. GCN Box 709.

GF or GM traveling companion wanted by sophisticated GWF, age 51. Non-smoker, golf or tennis ability, mildly adventurous, able to combine fun with some peace and quiet. Send resume, interests, background to Box 1112, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568.

Western Mass Area: GWM, 23, seeks young gays for friendship, sharing life's pleasures. Am into music, arts, etc. Drop me a line and tell me about yourself. Mike, Box 1794, Lenox, MA 01240.

GBM wants to meet other third world gays — male and female — for conversation, etc. Especially those in NY/Boston area. Reply: GCN Box 713.

Attractive GWF, early 50s seeks honest WF 45-55 for lasting relationship. Please write to Box 613, Merrimack, NH 03054.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
Intelligent GWM, 25, into theatre & film seeks GWM 17-27 for friendship and whatever. Send photo with letter (if possible) to GCN Box 715.

GEORGE G.

Was playing "There Is A Balm In Gilead" tonight and thought of you. Would like to see you again. Contact Rose at 881-2075.

GCN

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Gay Biorhythms. Be Sure, Be Safe. Biorhythms charted for 1 year. Graphs or calendar. For more information write GCN Box 706.

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job op

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NY/NJ WRITERS NEEDED
GCN needs more writers to cover NY/NJ news of national interest. All of our writers are volunteers. For more information write GCN Box 713. Or call Lionel at 617-426-4469.

ASSISTANT COOK

If you're interested in a career & want to train under a real chef, call Tony at The House Restaurant/Allston. 783-5131 evenings, \$2.75/hr.

MENTAL HEALTH JOBS

Full time positions working with mentally handicapped women available immediately. For info call David at 894-3600 ext. 380 7:4 Mon. thru Thurs.

DISHWASHER

Evenings in Allston. Call Tony — The House, 783-5131.

COUNSELOR for short-term individual and group counseling for lesbian clients: 35 hours — \$148 weekly; Feb. 6-June 30, 1977; contract renewable July 1. QUALIFICATIONS: Master's Degree — equivalent training — experience in group and individual counseling; commitment to feminist principles, to working in collaborative, non-hierarchical setting. Send resume and statement of why you want to work in this setting with this client population to: Carol Drexler, Everywoman's Center, (Goodell), U.Mass., Amherst, MA 01003, by Dec. 31. The University is an Affirmative Action Employer.

rides

Riders to San Francisco — Leaving soon from Boston, looking for people to share costs & friendship. Call Michael, 445-6676.

GWF needs rider to Phoenix, AZ. Split cost & driving. Leaving Jan. 27 or so, ride all the way or part. Please call (617) 492-3087 after 6 p.m.

I need ride to NYC on 12/23 or 12/24. Can share expenses but not driving. Call Lionel at GCN, 426-4469.

roommates

GWM to share 6 rm house \$133/mo. in Jamaica Plain w/ 2 GWM, 20's. Must be friendly and clean. Own room, washer & dryer. Homey. 524-0108 or 536-4400, ex. 202.

Cambridge — BiM 23 sks rmate for modern 2BD apt. between Harvard & Central Sq. \$110/mo incl ht & ut. Call Rob at 547-5586 before 11pm.



GWM, 24, seeks 1 or 2 persons to share 5 rm. Beacon Hill apt., \$100 each for 3-way split; \$150 for 2-way; incl. heat, ht water; James, 723-4071.

FRAMINGHAM AREA

Gay male has new 3 bedroom house to share with 1 or 2 males. Reasonable. Full house privileges. Dish washer, fireplace, play room. Write P.O. Box 23, Holliston, MA. 5 miles from Framingham.

M 26 plus to share large 2 bdrm apt in Brookline w/ prof. male. Huge, sunny rms. Nr. T. Pets OK, darkrm, den. \$155, heat & util. incl. Avail. now or Jan. 734-0618.

Gay man wanted to share spacious Cambridge apartment with two women, one other gay man. Tree-lined street between Harvard and Inman Squares. Wide range of interests including feminism, classical and pop music, hiking, sharing food and time. \$80 a month includes heat. Call 492-6263.

GM nursing student seeks home in compat/supportive apt. or house. Boston. Dec. 15 or Jan. 1. Please call Larry, 484-8413 betw 5 and 11.

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pen pals

I am 25 years old & I would like to correspond with anyone who cares enough to do so. Curtis L. Reed, #A009275, Cell #P3N4, P.O. Box 747, Florida State Prison, Starke, FL 32901.

I'm a gay male, age 19, and I'm doing ten years. I have no one to correspond with, and it would really help if I did. Please Write! William Middleton, #041811, Cell #P2N4, Florida State Prison, Starke, FL 32901.

I am 22 years old, 5'11" and weigh 189. I am into body building, writing poetry, short stories. I am without a family and the only thing I seek is a friend who is real. Donald R. Orr, P.O. Box A-E 8141, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93407.

25-year-old inmate seeks correspondence with realistic, mature and uninhibited concerned persons. Age, color, sex, religion or ethical background is definitely not a barrier. I have a wide range of interests and hobbies. Virgo is my astrological sign. Calvin Hubery, #139-558, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, OH 45648.

Gay, lonely & liberated, would like to hear from any gay person! Jerry Vineyard, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

resorts

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misc

THE LIVING NEWSPAPER

See the week's news dramatized by political theatre collective. For information concerning time and place, call 628-0056 or 628-4819. Available for bookings.

If you've placed an ad in GCN, or answered one, we'd like to know how you felt about the service & results. Please send your comments to Classified, GCN, 22 Bromfield St., Boston, MA 02108.

Theatre collective looking for used or homemade lighting equipment — cables, dimmers, etc. Must be CHEAP. Please call 628-4819.

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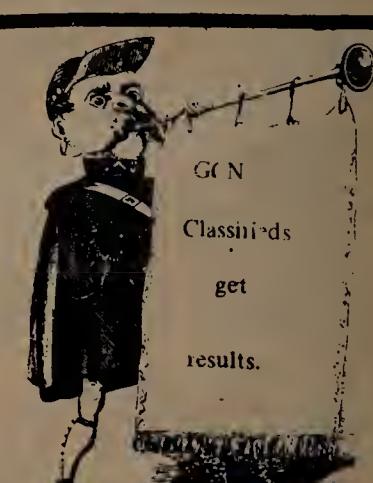
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calendar

21 tues

Boston — Gayway Radio invites you to join their Christmas Show, 8 pm, WBUR-FM (90.9).

Boston — DOB Women's Rap on "Holiday Blues," 7:30 pm, 419 Boylston St., Rm. 323.

NYC — West Side Discussion Group, 37 Ninth Ave., 8:30 pm, "Gay Roles on Broadway," with Richard Roberts, \$2 donation.

22 wed

Boston — Gay Men's Center Pot Luck Supper, 7:30-9:30, 36 Bromfield St.

23 thurs

Boston — Gay Men's Center Rap Group, 7:30, 36 Bromfield St.

24 fri

Cambridge, MA — Topics for Lesbians only, "Lesbians not celebrating Christmas," 7:30, 21 Bay St. Info call 661-2537.

Worcester, MA — MCC Candlelight/Carol Service, 7 pm, 2 Wellington St.

**NEED A FRIEND?
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Providence, RI — MCC Christmas Eve Party at 10 pm, The Solemn Close of Advent at 11 pm, Eucharist at 11:30, 5 Junction St.

christmas

Worcester, MA — MCC Open House, Noon to 4 pm, 2 Wellington St.

Providence, RI — MCC Open House, 5 pm, 5 Junction St.

26 sun

Worcester, MA — MCC Christmas Service and Social, 6 Institute Rd., 2 pm, Rev. Joseph Gilbert Celebrant, Rev. Michael Nordstrom Con-celebrant, Steve La Fever Assistant.

Providence, RI — MCC Christmas Service and Social, 134 Mathewson St., 7 pm, Candlelight Celebration, all welcome.

27 mon

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian Alcoholics Group at FOCUS, 186 Hampshire St., 7-8 pm, free, info call 661-1316.



28 tues

NYC — West Side Discussion Group hosts Vernon Berg and E. Lawrence Gibson speaking on their discharge from the Navy, 37 Ninth Ave., 8:30 pm, \$2 donation.

Boston — DOB rap for older women, 7:30 pm, 419 Boylston St., Rm. 323.

Boston — Integrity regular meeting, special Christmas Service and reception, invite all your friends, 7:30-9:30, Emmanuel Church, 15 Newbury St.

31 fri

Worcester, MA — MCC New Year's Eve Open House, 10 pm, 2 Wellington St.

january

1 sat

Northwood, NH — Daughters of Bilitis, NH will hold monthly get-togethers, for info write: Women's Group, Box 137, Northwood, NH 03261.

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